

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1919.

VOL. XIII. NO. 27.

"Build the City—Trade Here"



*It's a
Pleasure*

To make garden
when you have
the right tools.

CULTIVATORS save at least seventy-five per cent of your time and labor.

Prices \$5.50 to \$8.25

We also have all kinds of

HOES
SHOVELS
TROWELS
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HOSE

RADIANTFIRE HEATERS

ACORN GAS RANGES

GAS WATER HEATERS

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

**Sierra Madre
Hardware Co.**
31-35 West Central

Victor Records



for
April

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

Ja-Da; Alcoholic Blues;
That Wonderful Mother of Mine;
Salvation Lassie of Mine;
Some Day I'll Make You Glad;
Singapore; Johnny's in the Army;
My Barney Lies Overboard;
Mickey; Kisses (Fox trot);
I'll Say She Does (Fox trot);
You're Some Pretty Doll (Fox trot);
Mammy's Lullaby (Waltz);
Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight (Waltz);
Come on Papa (Medley one-step);
Dry Your Tears (Medley Fox trot);
(1) She Never Told Her Love;
(2) Orpheus With His Lute;
Festival Te Deum- Part One;
Festival Te Deum- Part two.
Red Seal Records
Croon, Croon Underneath de Moon;
Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse;
Quartet in D Major—Andante;
In the Hour of Trial;
On Wings of Song;
Taps.

Come in and listen to them, any day
after April 1st.

"Build the City—Trade Here"



You need have no fear or worry if
your money and securities are de-
posited with us.

Our vault is protected by a burglar
alarm system and is fire-proof. We
are also protected by the American
Bank Protective Co., and insured in
the National Surety Co., the largest
in America.

Therefore your money is safe with
us under any and all conditions.



THE WISTARIA WORKERS

A Complete List Will Be Published at
End of Fete

Because a complete list of the work-
ers who are making such a success of
the Wistaria Flower show cannot be
compiled until the end of the fete it
is impossible to publish all of the
names this week, an attempt will be
made to do so later.

Following is a list of the chairmen
of the various committees and booths.

Arrangements, Geo. L. Kelley.
Reception, Mrs. H. T. Bassett.

Cooked Food Booth, Mrs. Louis
Dietz.
Fruit Booth, Mrs. Robt. Mitchell.
Ice Cream Booth, Mrs. F. P. Sperry.

Noon Luncheons, Mrs. Palmer
Rhodes.
Afternoon Teas, Mrs. W. E. Walker.
Candy Booth, Mrs. J. F. Sadler.

Camp-fire Girls (complete list later).

OUR AUTO SHOW

Our automobile show was the first
one to be in Southern California, out-
side of the larger cities, and was such
a success that other towns are now
preparing to follow our example. The
Sunday L. A. Times contained half a
column account of it which will ac-
count for the bombardment of inquir-
ies fired at the Sierra Madre garage,
where the show was held.

PLEASE PAY SUBSCRIPTION

Subscribers whose subscription ex-
pired April 1st are notified this week
by a pencil mark around their ad-
dress at top margin of this page—if
we didn't miss any.

This means that this the last paper
you will receive unless you see the
cashier of remit. We don't want to
lose you, so please attend to it before
next Thursday.

BORN

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Phillips, 130
Suffolk, are the proud parents of a
brand new baby girl, who came last
Monday night and weighed 10 1-4
pounds. Mother and babe doing nicely.

WATCH YOUR STEP

The home of the Wistaria vine has
other plants, and flowers which repre-
sent years of care and attention and
we hope that our people, at least, will
be careful not to injure them in any
way.

Each year this beautiful yard suf-
fers loss and damage by people who
carelessly tramp, break or pull these
floral decorations, and while it is
hoped a greater number will attend,
this fete this year we hope less dam-
age will be done to the property.

Mr. Henry T. Fennel has spent
years of labor and hundreds of dollars
beautifying not only his home place,
but entire Scenic Point, and because
he generously allows the public to
drive through his grounds, many peo-
ple fail to give him credit for his pub-
lic spiritedness or respect his private
rights.

Let every resident of Sierra Madre,
not only use the utmost care in pro-
tecting this property during the pres-
ent fete, but also endeavor to prevent
others from doing damage. Mr. Fen-
nel has always refused remuneration
in any of these wistaria flower fetes.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of the
Board of Trade will be held next Mon-
day evening in the city council cham-
bers.

Several important matters are to
be brought before the meeting and a
full attendance is desired. Come and
bring a friend.

A HIGH CLASS BAND

The band concert, at the automobile
show last Friday night was a sur-
prise to our people. It was the first
public appearance of the Sierra Madre
band this year, and the high class mu-
sic they gave was accurate in tone,
time and expression. Bandmaster
Webster and each of his players may
well feel proud of the way in which
they acquitted themselves. Expres-
sions of appreciation were heard
everywhere.

SIERRA MADRE DAY AT WISTARIA

THURSDAY, APRIL 10 WILL BE SIERRA MADRE DAY WITH MUSI-
CAL PROGRAM IN THE EVENING

Next Thursday has been designated
as Sierra Madre day at the Wistaria
fete, but that our home folks may not
crowd the out-of-town visitors it is
requested that we postpone our call
until the latter part of the afternoon.
Weiners, coffee and rolls will be
served from 5 p. m. to 8 p. m., so
there need be no "intermission" for
the evening meal.

At eight o'clock p. m. a program will
be given, the Sierra Madre band, Sax-
ophone solo by George B. Morgridge,
Reading by Miss Helen Williams,
Song by Miss Helen Sadler.

It is especially urged that every
resident of Sierra Madre, who can
possibly do so, attend the fete on this
afternoon and evening and if you have
friends in an adjacent town or city,
write and invite them to visit you and
attend at this time—anyway write
them to attend.

The soldiers and sailors will be given
a special day and besides music
there will be short talks by some of
"our boys" who were in the fuss "over
there." The date will be announced
next week.

Lenten + Services

IN A DAY OF SOCIAL REBUILDING

By CHARLES CECIL WILSON, Minister.

SIERRA MADRE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

"A Community Church"

"We must have faith in God big enough to remake the world, and
good enough to make it a Christian world."

April 6th: 11 a. m. "THE HUNS OF LIFE."
8 p. m. "A CATHEDRAL IN RUINS."

Palm Sunday.
April 13th: 11 a. m. "THE WHITE COMRADE."
8 p. m. "THE GUNS OF FREEDOM."

Easter Sunday.
April 20th: 11 a. m. "THE DAY OF VICTORY."
8 a. m. "THE HOUSE OF BROTHERHOOD."

There's a Comfortable PEW
and a Welcome for YOU

FLYING CIRCUS TO ADVERTISE VICTORY LOAN

American Aviators to Exhibit
in at Least Nine Coast
Cities During Campaign

A flying circus made up of twenty
American aviators, a captured Ger-
man submarine and 3000 feet of mo-
tion picture film showing actual fight-
ing on the Western front will be three
of the features used to attract atten-
tion to the Victory Loan which opens
April 21.

The aviation feature will exhibit
the American birdmen flying Ameri-
can, English and German planes and
exhibitions will be made in at least
nine of the larger cities of the district.
This will be the most sensational fea-
ture of the campaign and in the fleet
of eleven planes which will come to
this district will be two captured Ger-
man Fokkers, two British single
seater Spads, two British combat S.
E. 5's and five American Curtiss
bombers.

The official itinerary has not been
completed, but among the cities which
will be visited are San Diego, Los
Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento,
Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Boise City
and Salt Lake City. Landing fields in
all these cities are now being chosen.

VICTORY SLOGAN CONTEST WILL END ON APRIL 5

The last day for the Victory Loan
slogan contest will be Saturday, April
5. Any slogan in the mail on that day
will be considered in awarding the
of \$30, \$20 and \$10.

Slogans need not be in rhyme and
although the limit is 12 words, shorter
slogans are preferred. There is no
limit to the number of slogans each
person may send.

Here are samples of the 10,000 slo-
gans that have been received at 430
California street, San Francisco:

"Your bond keeps faith with those
who died."
"Insure the Victory with Victory
Bonds."

"Victory Bonds Bind Victory."
"Punch the Bond out of Bondage."
"Make good the Liberty that Victory
has won."

"You've finished the Kaiser. Now
finish the job."

"Don't quit because the Kaiser did."
"Remember the Argonne. Buy a
bond."

"If it was worth dying for it's worth
paying for."
"Don't be a quitter."

The Boy Scouts reception was well
attended last Friday night. Full ac-
count in their column on last page.

OVER THE TOP

The members of the committee in
the recent used clothing drive for the
Red Cross were Mrs. Milton Steinber-
ger, vice chairman; captains, Miss
Larjar, F. J. Sokol, Keith Walker,
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Collins, Bryant
Essick and Boy Scouts, Mrs. F. P.
Sperry, Mrs. G. A. Oswald, Mrs. L. E.
Steinberger. Owing to the untiring
work of this faithful committee and
their assistants every house in Sierra
Madre was visited and the response
has been prompt and generous, some
giving money when they had no used
clothing.

The drive has, therefore, not been a
task, it has been an inspiration. I
thank you all.

Louise Wood Ferris, chairman.

PUBLIC REST ROOM

There are more and more complaints
regarding the lack of a public rest
room, comfort station, lavatory or
whatever you want to call it, in Sierra
Madre.

Not a day passes that ladies do not
inquire for such a place and our busi-
ness men are obliged to say "sorry,
but we have nothing of the kind."

This is a matter that should be at-
tended to at once, and the city trust-
ees would win a big bunch of popu-
larity by installing such a room or
building.

CONVALESCENTS JOY RIDE

If you could have seen the faces
and heard the expression of delight
coming from the five automobile loads
of convalescents, who were given a joy
ride Saturday afternoon you could
better appreciate the happiness of
these "shut-ins" many of whom had
never been over the beautiful drives
and smooth boulevards of the adja-
cent territory.

The News will designate the last
Saturday afternoon of this month for
a continuation this event and parties
wishing to take the ride and those
who will contribute their machines
may phone or send their names and
addresses to this office.

INVITE ALL YOUR FRIENDS

Write Them to Come and See the
Big Wistaria Vine

The Wistaria fete started off in fine
shape Wednesday with a good attend-
ance for the opening day with the
crowds increasing daily. The various
booths are being well patronized and
it is making the ladies hustle to keep
their tables supplied with food, fruit,
ice cream and soft drinks.

In view of the object—a fund for
our memorial building—it is the duty
of every Sierra Madrian to help make
the fete this year a huge success, and
another way you can help is to write
letters or cards to your friends in
neighboring towns and cities inviting
them to come and see this truly won-
derful wistaria vine, the longest in
the world.

A gentleman from the East, a world
traveler, told the writer, day before
yesterday, that it was well worth
traveling a thousand miles to see.
That he had traveled further than
that to see less interesting things.

So, write to your friends, get a
copy of "The Wistaria" and send
them. It will make them want to come
and it will all help to swell our mem-
orial fund.

BASE BALL

The base ball game Sunday between
the Sierra Madre ball club and the
"All Stars" team was intensely ex-
citing—in spots.

The "Stars" radiated their scintil-
lations of light brightly for an inning
or two, then went to pieces, claiming
the altitude was too high, but the
other team deny this and say, the
pace was too swift.

The final score stood 21 to 5 in
favor of the Sierra Madre ball club,
and the crowd appeared to have re-
ceived their money's worth at that.
No game next Sunday.

Be sure to attend the Wistaria fete.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE

The Modern Singer Sewing Machine
with Electric Power Attachment is
the absolute perfection in mechanical
construction. Practically indestruct-
ible and lasts a lifetime. The first cost
is little more, but cheapest in the long
run. Call for demonstration.

A few machines for rent.

BERGIEN BROS.

New BRASSIERES

A new shipment of Warner Brassieres just in. Very pretty new mod-
els in white and flesh 85c to \$1.00 each

HOPE MUSLIN, 25c
36 inch Hope muslin, bleached. This muslin has been as high
as 40 cents 25c

TENNIS SHOES, \$2.50
Ladies high tennis shoes with heel, Hood rubber sole; also
pumps \$2.50

WHITE HOSE, 50c
Regular made white hose with seam in back, good fine quality
50c

DRESS SNAPS, 5c. COATS' SPOOL COTTON, 5c

PHONE BLACK 85

J.F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

The RIVER

By
EDNAH
AIKEN

When the Colorado Burst Its Banks and Flooded the Imperial Valley of California

Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company

HOW WILL HARDIN AND HIS WIFE RECEIVE HIM?—RICKARD IS NOT LEFT LONG IN DOUBT.

Synopsis.—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific railroad, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz. While waiting Rickard reads a report on the ravages of the Colorado river, despite the efforts of Thomas Hardin, head of the Desert Reclamation company. Hardin had been a student under Rickard in an eastern college and had married Gerty Holmes, with whom Rickard had fancied he was in love. Marshall tells Rickard the Overland Pacific must step in to save the Imperial valley and wishes to send Rickard to take charge. Rickard declines because he foresees embarrassment in supplanting Hardin, but is won over. Rickard goes to Calexico and, on the way, learns much about Hardin and his work.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Bath right across the hall. Only room left in the house." The proprietor awarded him the valley stare. "Going to be here long?" He passed the last key on the rack to the darkly staggering under a motley of bags and suitcases. Rickard recognized his, and followed.

"I may get you another room tomorrow," called the proprietor after him as he climbed the dusty stairs.

The signals of a new town were waving in the dining room. The majority of the citizens displayed their shirt sleeves and unbuttoned suspenders. One large table was surrounded by men in khaki; the desert soldiers, engineers. The full-blown waitresses, elaborately pompadoured, were pushing through the swing-doors, carrying heavy trays. Coquetry appeared to be their occupation, rather than meal-serving, the diners accepting both varieties of attention with appreciation. The supremacy of those superior maidens was menaced only by two other women who sat at a table near the door. Rickard did not see them at first. The room was as masculine as a restaurant in a new mining town.

Rickard left his indoor view to look through the French windows opening on a side street. He noticed a slender but regular procession. All the men passing fell in the same direction.

"Cocktail route," explained one of his neighbors, his mouth full of boiled beef.

"Oyster cocktail?" smiled the newcomer.

"The real thing! Calexico's dry, like the whole valley, that is, the county. See that ditch? That is Mexico, on the other side. Those sheds you can see are in Mexicali, Calexico's twin sister. That painted adobe is the custom house. Mexicali's not dry, even in summer! You can bet your life on that. You can get all the bad whisky and stale beer you've the money to buy. We work in Calexico, and drink in Mexicali. The temperance pledge is kept better in this town than any other town in the valley. But you can see this procession every night."

The Amazon with a handkerchief apron brought Rickard his soup. He was raising his first spoonful to his mouth when he saw the face, carefully



He Saw the Face, Carefully Averted.

averted, of the girl he had met at the Marshalls' table, Innes Hardin. His eyes jumped to her companions, the man a stranger, and then, Gerty Holmes. At least, Mrs. Hardin! Somehow, it surprised him to find her pretty.

She had achieved a variety of distinction, preserving, moreover, the clear-cut babyish chin which had made its early appeal to him. There was the same fluffy hair, its ringlets a bit artificial to his more sophisticated eyes, the same well-turned nose. He had been wondering about this meeting; he found that he had been expecting some sort of shock—who said that the love of today is the jest of tomorrow? The discovery that Gerty was not a jest brought the surprised gratification which we award a letter or composition written in our youth. Were we as clever as that, so complete at eighteen or twenty-one? Could we, now, with all our experience, do any better, or indeed as well? That particular sensation with which we could make it

fly today as it soured yesterday? Rickard was finding that Gerty's more mature charms did not accelerate his heart-beats, but they were certainly flattering to his early judgment. And he had expected her to be a shock!

He was staring into his plate of chilled soup. Cal-love! For he had loved her, or at least he had loved her chin, her pretty childish way of lifting it. She was prettier than he had pictured her. Queer that a man like Hardin could draw such women for sister and wife—the blood tie was the most amazing. For when women come to marry, they make often a queer choice. It occurred to him that that might have been Hardin—he had not wanted to stare at them.

That was not Hardin's face. It held strength and power. The outline was sharp and distinct, showing the strong lines, the determined mouth of the pioneer. There was something else, something which stood for distinction—no, it couldn't be Hardin.

And then, because an outburst lip changed the entire look of the man, Rickard asked his table companions, who was the man with the two ladies, near the door.

"That, huh," his neighbor from Alabama became immediately oratorical. "That is a big man, huh. If the Imperial valley ever becomes a reality, a fixin', it will be because of that one man, huh. Reclamation is like a seed thrown on a rock. Will it stick? Will it take root? Will it grow? That is what we all want to know."

Rickard thought that he had wanted to know something quite different, and reminded the gentleman from Alabama that he had not told him the name.

"The father of this valley, of the reclamation of this desert, 'Thomas Hardin, huh."

Rickard tried to reset, without attracting their attention, the group of his impressions of the man whose personality had been so obnoxious to him in the old Lawrence days. The Hardin he had known had also large features, but of the faded irritating order. He summoned a picture of Hardin as he had shuffled into his own classroom, or up to the long table where Gerty had always quipped it among her mother's boarders. He could see the rough unpainted boots that had always offended him as a betrayal of the man's inner coarseness; the badly fitting coat, the long awkward arms, and the satisfied, long-speaking mouth. These features were more definite. Could time bring these changes? Had he changed, like that? Had they seen him? Would Gerty, would Hardin remember him? Wasn't it his place to make himself known; wave the flag of old friendship over an awkward situation?

He found himself standing in front of their table, encountering first, the eyes of Hardin's sister. There was no surprise, no welcome there for him. He felt at once the hostility of the camp. His face was uncomfortably warm. Then the childish profile turned on him. A look of bewilderment, flushing into greeting—the years had been kind to Gerty Holmes!

"Do you remember me, Rickard?"

If Hardin recognized a difficult situation, he did not betray it. It was a man Rickard did not know who shook him warmly by the hand, and said that indeed he had not forgotten him.

"I've been expecting you. My wife, Mr. Rickard, and my sister."

"Why, what are you thinking of, Tom? To introduce Mr. Rickard! I introduced you to each other, years ago!" Gerty's cheeks were red. Her bright eyes were darting from one to the other. "You knew he was coming, and did not tell me?"

"You were at the Improvement club when the telegram came," put in Innes Hardin, without looking at Rickard. No trace of the Tucson cordiality in that proud little face! No acknowledgment that they had met at the Marshalls'!

"Oh, you telegraphed to us?" The blond arch smile had not aged. "That was friendly and nice."

Rickard had not been self-conscious for many a year. He did not know what to say. He turned from her upturned face to the others. Innes Hardin was staring out of the window, over the heads of several crowded tables; Hardin was gazing at his plate. Rickard decided that he would get out of this before Gerty discovered that it was neither "friendly nor nice."

"If I had known that you were here, I would have insisted on your dining with us, in our tent. For it's terrible

here, isn't it?" She flashed at him the look he remembered vividly, the childish coquettish appeal. "We dine at home, till it becomes tiresome, and then we come foraging for variety. But you must come to us, say Thursday. Is that right for you? We should love it."

Still those two averted faces. Rickard said Thursday, as he was bidden, and got back to his table, wondering why in thunder he had let Marshall persuade him to take this job.

Hardin waited a scant minute to protest: "What possessed you to ask him to dinner?"

"Why shouldn't I? He is an old friend." Gerty caught a glance of appeal from sister to brother. "Jealous?" she pouted charmingly at her lord.

"Jealous, no!" bluffed Hardin.

He thought then that she knew, that Innes had told her. The Lawrence episode held no sting to him. Once, it had enchanted him that he had carried off the boarding-house belle, whom even that bookman had found desirable—bookman! A superior dude! He had always had those grand airs. As if it were not more to a man's credit to struggle for his education, even if he were older than his class, or his teacher, than to accept it off silver plates, handed by lackeys? Rickard had always acted as if it had been something to be ashamed of. It made him sick.

"They've done it this time. It's a fool choice."

Again, that look of pleading from Innes. Gerty had a shiver of intuition.

"Fool choice?" Her voice was ominously calm.

Hardin shook off Innes' eyes. Better be done with it! "He's the new general manager."

"He's the general manager!"

"I'm to take orders from him."

Gerty's silence was of the stunned variety. The Hardins watched her crumpling bread on the tablecloth, thinking, fearfully, that she was going to cry.

"Didn't I tell you?" Her voice, repressed, carried the threat of tears. "Didn't I tell you how it would be? Didn't I say that you'd be sorry if you called the railroad in?"

"Must we go over this again?" asked her husband.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me make a goose of myself?" She was remembering that there had been no protest, no surprise from Innes. She knew! A family secret!

She shrugged. "I'm glad, on the whole, that you planned it as a surprise. For I carried it off as if we'd not been insulted, disgraced."

"Gerty!" expostulated Hardin.

"Gerty!" implored Innes.

"And we are in for a nice friendly dinner!"

"Are you quite finished?" Hardin got up.

As the three passed out of the dining room, Rickard caught their several expressions: Hardin's stiff, indifferent; Gerty's brilliant but hard, as she flashed a finished, brave little smile in his direction. The sister's bow was distinctly haughty.

In the hall, Gerty's laugh rippled out. It was the laugh Rickard remembered, the light frivolous cadence which recalled the flamboyant pattern of the Holmes' parlor carpet, the long, crowded dining table where Gerty had reigned. It told him that she was indifferent to his coming, as she meant it should. And it turned him back to a dark corner in the honeysuckle-draped porch where he had spent so many evenings with her, where once he had held her hand, where he told her that he loved her. For he had loved her, or at least he thought he had! And had run away from her expectant eyes. A cad, was he, because he had brought that waiting look into her eyes, and had run from it?

Should a man ask a woman to give her life into his keeping until he is quite sure that he wants it? He was revamping his worn defense. Should he live up to a minute of surrender, of tenderness, if the next instant brings sanity, and disillusionment? He could bury now forever self-reproach. He could laugh at his own vanity. Gerty Hardin, it was easy to see, had forgotten what he had whispered to Gerty Holmes. They met as sober old friends. That ghost was laid.

CHAPTER V.

A Game of Checkers.

The uneasy mood of the desert, the wind-blown sand, drove people indoors the next morning. Rickard was served a substantial, indifferently cooked breakfast in the dining room of the Desert hotel, whose limitations were as conspicuous to the newcomer as they were nonexistent to the other men. They were finding it a soft contrast to sand-blown tents, to life in the open.

Later he wandered through the group of staring idlers in the office, past the popular soda stand and the few chair-titers on the sidewalk, going on, as if without purpose, to the railroad sheds, and then on, down to the offices of the Desert Reclamation company. He discovered it to be the one engaging spot in the hastily thrown-together town. There were oleanders, rose and white, blooming in

the patch of purple blooming alfalfa that stood for a lawn. Morning-glories clambered over the supports of the veranda, and on over the roof. Rickard's deductions led him to the Hardins.

What school of experience had so changed the awkward country fellow? He had resented his rivalry, not that he was a rival, but that he was a boor. His kisses still warm on her lips, and she had turned to welcome, to coquet with Tom Hardin! The woman who was to be his wife must be steeper than that! It had cooled his fever. Not for him the aspen who could shake and bend her pretty boughs to each rough breeze that blew!

Men tossed into a desert, fighting to keep a foothold, do not garland their



"I'll Take You Around."

offices with morning-glories! Was it the gracious quiet influence of a wife, a Gerty Hardin? The festive building he was approaching was as unexpected—as Captain Brandon! Rickard walked on, smiling.

He was fairly blown into the outer room, the door banging behind him. Every one looked up at the noisy interruption. There were several men in the long room. Among them two alert, clean-faced youths, college graduates, or students out on furlough, the kind of stuff in his class at Lawrence. Three of the seasoned, road-coached type were leaning their chairs against the cool thick walls. One was puffing at a cigar. The other, a big, shy giant, was drawing clouds of comfort from a pipe. There was a telegraph operator at work in one end of the room, her instrument rapidly clicking. In an opposite corner was a telephone exchange. A girl with a metal band around her forehead was punching connections between the valley towns. Rickard lost the feeling of having gone into a remote and isolated region. The twin towns were on the map.

One of the older men returned his nod. The young men returned their hastily withdrawn attention to their game of checkers. The other smoker was watching with cross-eyed absorption the rings his cigar was sending into the air. Rickard might not have been there.

One of the checker players looked up.

"Anything I can do for you? Do you want to see anyone in particular?"

"No," it was admitted. "No one in particular. I was just looking round."

"It's the show place of Calexico. I'll take you around. It is the only place in town that is comfortable when it's hot, or when the wind blows, and that's the program all summer. Take my place, Pete."

Pete, the young giant, with the face of his infancy enlarged rather than matured, slipped into the vacant chair. He had been the first to discover the stranger, but he had evaded the responsibility. The game immediately absorbed him.

"It's nice here," repeated the young fellow, leading the way. They were followed by a few idle glances.

Rickard looked with approval at the tan slim figure which was assuming the courtesy of the towns. The fine handsome face was almost too girlish, the muscles of the mouth too sensitive yet for manly beauty, but he liked the type. Little as a young desert-reared Indian, his manner and carriage told of a careful home and rigid school discipline.

He was ushered into a large cool room. The furnishings he inventoried: a few stiff chairs, a long table and a typewriter desk, closed for the Sabbath.

"The stenographer's room," announced the lad superfluously.

"Whose stenographer?"

"General property now. Everyone has a right to use her time. She used to be Hardin's, the general manager's. She is still, in a way. But Ogilvie keeps her busy most of the time."

Rickard had not heard of Ogilvie. He made a mental register.

"When did Hardin go out?" He

knew the date himself. He expected the answer would trail wisps of other information. He had a very active curiosity about Hardin. The man's failures had been spectacular.

The young fellow was thinking aloud. "The dam went November 20th. Hardin was given a decent interval to resign. Of course he was fired. It was an outrage—" He remembered that he was speaking to a stranger and broke off suddenly. Rickard did not question him. He made another note. Why was it an outrage of why did it appear so? In perspective, from the Mexican barranca, where he had been at the time, the failure of that dam had been another bar sinister against Hardin.

"I see that you are from the University of California?" Rickard said, and nodded at the pin of gold and blue enamel.

"Out for a year," glowed the lad. "Dad wanted me to get some real stuff in my head. He said the Colorado would give me more lessons—more real knowledge in a year than I'd get in six at college. I kicked up an awful row—"

The older man smiled. "Of course. You don't want to go back now?"

The boy made a wry face. "He expects me to go back in August. Says I must."

"You did not tell me your name," was suggested.

"MacLean, George MacLean," said the young man rather consciously. It was a good deal to live up to. He always felt the appraisal which followed that admission. George MacLean, elder, was known among the railroad circles to be a man of iron, one of the strongest of the heads of the Overland Pacific system. He was not the sort of man a son could speak lightly of disobeying.

"Of course everyone calls me Junior."

"I guess you'll go back if he wants you to," smiled Rickard.

"Oh, but what a rotten trick it would be!" exclaimed the son of the man of iron. "To throw me out of college—I was daffy to finish with my class, and to get me here, to get me interested—and then after I've lost my place to pull me back. Why, there are things happening every day that are a liberal education. They are only just beginning to understand what they are bucking up against. The Colorado's an unknown quantity; even old engineers are right up against it. There are new problems coming up every day. The Indians call her a yellow dragon, but she's a tricky woman, she's an eel; she's giving us sums to break our teeth on."

"Who has the next room?"

"Used to be the general manager's. Ogilvie uses it now."

"And who did you say was Ogilvie?" They turned back into the room.

"You can go in. He's not here. He is the new auditor, an expert accountant from Los Angeles. Put in by the O. P. when it assumed control last year. He used to come down once a month. After Hardin went out he came down to stay."

"Whose say-so?"

"I don't know. The accounts were rotten, that's no office secret. The world knows that. Hardin is blamed for it. It isn't fair. Look at Sather's stone palace in Los Angeles. Look at Hardin's tent, his shabby clothes."

"I'd like to meet Ogilvie," observed the general manager.

"Oh, he's not much to meet. A pale, white-livered vegetarian, a theosophist. You've seen 'em. Los Angeles is full of 'em. He was here when Hardin was fired. You could see him see his opportunity. His chest swelled up. He looked as if he had tasted meat for the first time. He thought that he could wobble into the empty place! He went back to Los Angeles, convinced them that the auditor should be here, protect the company's interests. It sounded mysterious, sleuthlike, as if he had discovered something, so they let him bring the books down here. He is supposed to be ferreting. But he's 'woozling.' He used to be in the outer office. Said the noise made his head ache, so he moved in here. All the committee meetings are held here, and occasionally the directors' meetings. Water companies, too. Ogilvie's taking notes—wants to be the next general manager; it sticks out all over him."

"What's the derivation of 'woozle'?" this with deep gravity.

"Wait till you see Ogilvie!" laughed his entertainer. Then as an afterthought, "This is all public gossip. He's fair game."

The door opened behind them, and Rickard saw the man whose description had been so deftly knocked off. He recognized the type seen so frequently in southern California towns, the pale, damaged exile whose chance of reprieve is conditioned by stern rules of diet and sobriety. It was the temperament which must perforce translate a personal necessity into a religious dogma.

"This gentleman's just—is just looking around," stammered MacLean, blundering, confused.

The vegetarian nodded, taking off his felt sombrero and putting it on a chair with care.

By this time it was apparent that no one save Hardin knew of his coming. He was ahead of Marshall's letters. He did not like the flavor of his entrance.

"What provision is being made for the new general manager?"

The question, aimed carelessly, hit the auditor.

"They are not talking of filling the position just yet," he responded.

"There is no need at present. The work is going along nicely, better, I

might say, adjusted as it now is, than it did before."

"I heard that they had sent a man from the Tucson office to represent Mr. Marshall."

"Did you hear his name?" stammered Ogilvie.

"Rickard."

The auditor recovered himself. "I would have heard of it were it true. I am in close touch with the Los Angeles office."

"It is true."

"How do you know?" Ogilvie's dismay was too sudden; the flabby facial muscles betrayed him.

"I'm Rickard." The new general manager took the swivel chair behind the flat-top desk. "Sit down. I'd like to have a talk with you."

"If you will excuse me,"—Ogilvie's bluff was as anemic as his crushed appearance. "I—I am busy this morning. Might I—trouble you—for a few minutes? My papers are in this desk."

Rickard now knew his man to the shallow depths of his white-corporated soul. "If I won't be in your way I'll hang around here. I've the day to kill."

His sarcasm was lost in transit. Ogilvie said that Mr. Rickard would not be in his way. He would move his papers into the next room tomorrow.

The engineer moved to the French windows that opened on the alfalfa lawn. A vigorous growth of willows marked the course of New river, which had cut so perilously near the towns. A letter "b," picked out in quick river vegetation, told the story of the flood. The old channel—there it was, the curved arm of the "b," one could tell that by the tall willows—had been too tortuous, too slow for those sweeping waters. The flow had divided, cutting the stem of the letter, carrying the flood waters swifter down grade. The flow had divided—him! divided perhaps the danger too! An idea in that! He would see that better from the water tower he'd spied at entering. Another flood, and a gamble whether Mexicali or Calexico would get the worst of it. Unless one was ready. A levee—west of the American town!

"Excuse me, sir—do you need me?" He turned back into the room. He could see that MacLean was aching to get out of the room. Ogilvie had visibly withered. A blight seemed to fall on him as his white, blue-veined fingers made a bluff among his papers.

"Thank you," Rickard nodded at MacLean, who burst into the outer office.

"It's the new general manager from Tucson—Rickard's his name." His whisper ran around the walls of the room, where other arrivals were tilting their chairs. "The new general manager! Ogilvie woozled for nothing. You should have seen his face!"

"Did anyone know that he was coming?" Silent, the tanned giant, spoke.

"That's Marshall all over," said Wooster, bright-eyed and wiry, removing his pipe. "He likes to move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. (Used to sing that when I was a kid!) No announcement. Simply, 'Enter Rickard.'"

"More like this," said Silent. "Exit Hardin. Enter Ogilvie. Enter Rickard."

"And exit Ogilvie," cried MacLean. "It's a—d—d shame," burst out Wooster. No one asked him what he



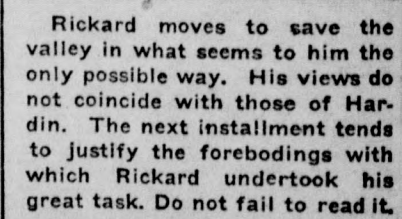
Ogilvie's Dismay Was Too Sudden.

meant. Every man in the room was thinking of Hardin, whose shadow this reclamation work was.

"What's Rickard doing?" asked the infantile Hercules at the checkerboard. The force called him Pete, which was a short cut to Frederick Augustus Bodelfeld.

"Taking Ogilvie's measure"—this from MacLean.

"Then he's doing something else by this time. That wouldn't take him five minutes unless he's a gull," snapped Wooster, who hated Ogilvie as a rat does a snake.



Rickard moves to save the valley in what seems to him the only possible way. His views do not coincide with those of Hardin. The next installment tends to justify the forebodings with which Rickard undertook his great task. Do not fail to read it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Spilled Is. "Jack said you were a bird." "Really," she exclaimed, delighted. "Yes, a parrot."—Boston Transcript.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARY BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

Occasional Lapses.

Mrs. Longwood—Can you always believe what your husband tells you?

Mrs. Justwed—Not always, but sometimes. When he says he isn't worthy of me.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffied-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.—Adv.

In Luck.

Sponger—"Hello, Jones, can you lend me a fiver?" Jones—"Thank heaven no; I'm in luck today."

The secret of true wisdom is to know your ignorance.

Feel Lame and Achy?

Colds and grip leave thousands with weak kidneys and aching backs. The kidneys have to do most of the work of fighting off any germ disease. They weaken—slow up, and you feel dull, irritable, or nervous—have headaches, dizziness, backache, sore joints and irregular kidney action. Then the kidneys need prompt help. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands praise Doan's for quick, satisfactory results.

A Utah Case

W. W. Robinson, First East, near First North St., American Fork, Utah, says: "I know Doan's Kidney Pills to be just what is claimed for them. For months last winter I was suffering with a steady ache and pains across my kidneys. The slightest motion caused a strain on my back and sent those pains through it. A druggist recommended Doan's Kidney Pills, so I tried them. Doan's completely cured me of the attack."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DON'T FEAR THE "FLU"

It can't get you, if you use "DR. HILLER'S ESSENTIAL OIL TABLETS." They quickly relieve coughs, colds, all throat and lung troubles, reduce fever, prevent attack if taken in time and are free from drugs or opiates. A real lifesaver which should be used in every home. Trial package of 2 tubes, \$1.00. Full package, 10 tubes \$5.00. Complete directions. Postpaid on receipt of price.

FREDERICK HILLER, M. D.
Suite 423 Consolidated Realty Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

Both Beef and Milk

THE one breed that excels in both beef and milk is the Short Horn. Shorthorn steers repeatedly broke the records at the markets in 1918, making the highest record on the open market of \$20.50 per cwt. And Shorthorn cows have milk records of over 17,000 lbs. per year. It's the farmer's breed, having extra scale, quality and quiet temperament.

Irritating Coughs

Promptly treat coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and similar inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat with a tested remedy.

PISO'S

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE REWARD.

"Neigh, neigh, neigh," said the beautiful big horse whose name was Bennie.

"Neigh, neigh, neigh," answered another beautiful big horse whose name was Kitty, and still another horse said, "Neigh, neigh, neigh," and this horse's name was Fred.

"When did you come?" asked Bennie. "It was only the other day that I saw you in the big city."

"That was only a short time ago, it is true, that I saw you in the city," answered Kitty.

And then both the horses looked at Fred, and said, "When did you come?" "I saw both of you in the city, not long ago," said Fred.

And the other horses nodded their heads and neighed as they agreed with Fred.

"We must have all come about the same time," said Bennie.

"I think you're right," said Kitty. "I'm sure you're right," said Fred.

"Do you know why we came here?" asked Bennie.

"I know I've always been a lucky horse," said Kitty.

"I know why we all came here," said Fred. "I heard my master talking about it to your masters and I heard him say things which I am sure you will both be glad to hear."

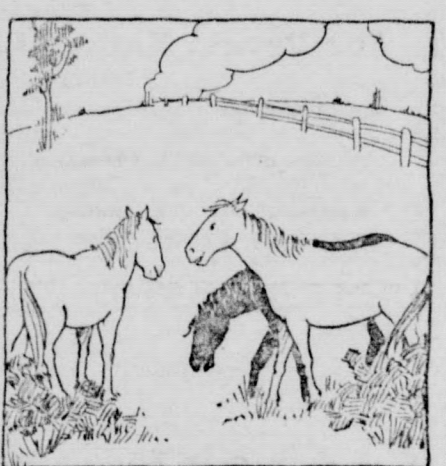
"They made me very, very happy, for I have tried to do my best and it is nice to hear the good things, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Bennie. "I think it is, for I don't think it makes one conceited to hear nice things. I think it makes one want to live up to them, and it makes everyone happy."

"I agree," said Kitty. "I think there are so many nice people, men and women, boys and girls, and animals, too, that they should be made happy by hearing that they are liked."

"Well, you'd both like to hear my story," asked Fred.

"We would," said Bennie. "for we are glad to hear you have good news for us. There were a few days when



"I Saw Both of You in the City," Said Fred.

we were quite certain we were going to be sold, and we didn't know what sort of masters we would have."

"I almost died of joy when I came here," said Kitty.

"My master and your master," said Fred, pointing to the other two horses, "couldn't bear to have us sold. Of course we have spent our lives on the police force of a great city. We have helped the policemen who rode us."

"We have stopped runaways, we have saved lives of children and we have done everything we could, always. Of course, it would seem to me quite dreadful not to do everything possible to save the life of a wonderful child, for I came to the conclusion—which means that I finally decided—that children were about the most wonderful things in the world."

"How I loved helping them, when they came from school. How gay and bright were the hours in the day when their high, gloriously happy voices would reach my ears."

"My master would whisper to me, 'The children are coming, Fred. We must be on guard that they don't get run over.'"

"And oh, the parades we have seen! The lives we have had of adventures! Our masters begged that we shouldn't be sold. They said we deserved to have our old age spent in peace and pleasure because we had always worked so hard, and had saved so many, many lives."

"When the news came that we would not be sold but that we would be brought to this wonderful farm and looked after all our days—well, our masters, simply cried for joy."

"They're to be rewarded," they shouted. "They're to be rewarded."

"So, we are to live on this beautiful farm. We will always be looked after. Our busy city lives are over, but oh, how thankful I am, that in my old age I can think of the days on the police force when I could do so much good."

And Kitty and Bennie neighed in happiness that this reward had been given to them.

Two Ports at Once.

Many ships have sailed from many ports, but no ship sails for more than one port at a time. The people who try to do two things at once are like a ship trying to sail at the same time to two ports. Aim at one target. When you have something to do, forget for the time that there is anything else in the world worth doing.

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISSONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "Fruit Laxative," they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

The Kitchen Paradox.

"We have a paradoxical cook."
"What kind is that?"
"She is a rare cook, yet all her cooking is well done."

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, head ache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Many of those little new naticans seem to have come into the world with chips on their shoulders.

SAGE AND SULPHUR LARKENS GRAY HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Restore Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.—Adv.

Present prices should provide the needed stimulus for a back-to-the-farm movement.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There is no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these hateful spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

April first oughta be birthday for a lot of birds we know.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

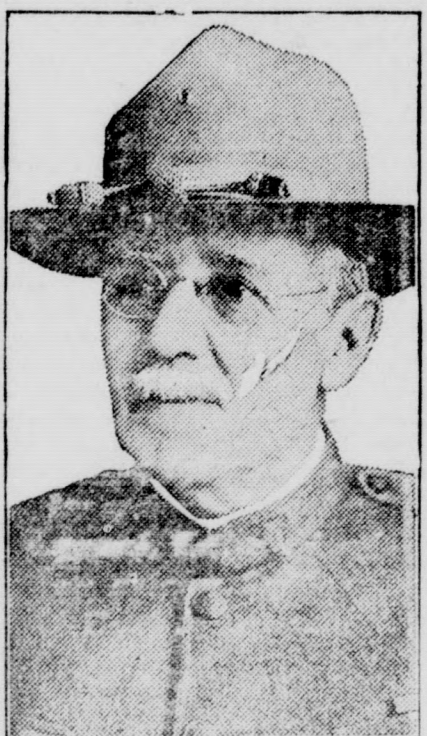
ARMY MEN AS SCOUTMASTERS

"Don't take off the khaki, just change the buttons," is a slogan that will appeal to returned and retired officers of the United States army.

Maj. Gen. C. M. Clement of Sunbury, Pa., is at the present time the first army officer to accept this new scout slogan for himself.

General Clement has recently returned from active service on the western battle front.

The acceptance of a position as scoutmaster by General Clement has



Maj. Gen. C. M. Clement.

made it difficult for other men to refuse a like call on the ground of multiplicity of duties.

There are at present over 452,000 boy scouts with their leaders. Applications are coming in to national headquarters at the rate of about 1,000 a day. The government wants the scouts to grow, and there would be several million of these organized boys in khaki if there were the men to lead the troops.

Returning army men can find in this a great opportunity. The scout uniform, in fact, is much like the army uniform and is authorized under Section 125 of the army reorganization law.

SCOUTS' LIFE FOR ALLIES.

In the death of Denwood W. Newbury, age seventeen years, in a lumber camp on Mount Spokane there passed a boy who, disappointed that he was too young to enter the army, had done all he could to aid the causes of the allies to prove he was not a slacker, and who had striven to live up to the principles he had learned as a boy scout.

He was intensely interested in the war, and had contributed from his earnings to the French war orphan fund, the Armenian relief, and had invested in War stamps and bought a Liberty bond. At the camp he collected \$64 from the men for the Red Cross. He had been a member of the boy scouts in California, where he lived before going to Spokane two years ago, and his efforts were along the line of making a good record for the scout service.

SCOUTS A NATIONAL FACTOR.

"War has certainly brought to the boy scout movement great opportunities," says Milton A. McKee of San Diego, Cal. "We have had some loss, but I believe a much greater gain, and the publicity that the movement is receiving in America is a wonderful asset, and really beyond comprehension. I marched for two and a half miles in a great parade at the head of the San Diego council and the boy scouts, and I am certain that I did not misinterpret the cheers and plaudits of the thousands of spectators who lined the streets while the procession passed by. The boy scout movement is a factor in this nation."

SCOUTS FURNISH COOKS.

A company of 148 drafted men were quartered in the Orange, N. J., high school to receive instructions as machinists. Only one cook was provided. The scout organization discovered the situation and maintained a force of six scout cooks day and night to help in feeding the company.

THE BOY SCOUT'S SALUTE.

During the playing of the national anthem, the passing of the colors, or at sunrise or sunset colors, a scout in uniform stands at attention and salutes. If in civilian clothes, whether in line or not, he simply removes his hat. This is not hard to bear in mind and should be strictly observed.

Notice two approaching up-to-the-minute scouts, totally unknown to each other. At six paces their heads snap up and the scout smile or cheerful "Hello!" results.

Relieved of Catarrh Due to La Grippe, Thanks to PERUNA

Mrs. Laura Berberick, 69 years old, of 1205 Willow Ave., Hoboken, N. J., writes:

"Four years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe. After my sickness I was troubled with hoarseness and slime in the head and throat, and was told I had Catarrh. I took some medicine but without much benefit. Every winter for four years, I have had La Grippe (last winter three times). The Catarrh grew worse. I could not lie down or sleep at night. Was always troubled with slime, pain in my back and a terrible headache every morning, when I woke up, and had no blood. I got a Peruna calendar in Danish, my native language, and I read it through, every testimony, and then I bought a bottle of Peruna. To-day I can truthfully testify that Peruna has been a great benefit to me. It has given me blood and strength. I can lie down and sleep without being troubled. I have no pain, headache, or noise in my head. I have gained in weight three pounds, which I think is good for my age. I will be sixty-nine years old next summer. I have used Peruna since I started in February, and I use it yet. I feel cheerful and happy, thanks to Peruna. It will always be in my home and I recommend it to those who need it."

LIQUID OR TABLET FORM FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Gathering the Crop.

One gardener quarreled with his wife over the first fruit of the family garden. He claimed the growth was one of his succotash. She insisted it was one of her sweet pickles. While they quarreled their charming niece dug it up.

"Oh, dear," she complained. "Must I do it all? Why don't you get busy and take out a weed when you see it?"

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists 75c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Limited Mind.

Wife—Oh, doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind.

Doctor (who knows Benjamin)—Don't trouble about that—he can't go far.—Medical Pickwick.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Correspondence.

"What are you doing?"
"Writing to my son at college."
"But that's a check you're writing."
"Well?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. H. Fletcher*
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Many a man's failure in small things is due to his being troubled with great ambitions.

Cure pimples, headache, bad breath by taking May Apple. Also, Jalap rolled into a tiny sugar pill called Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Adv.

He who owns the soil owns up to the sky.

Out of Pain and Misery to Comfort!

WHOLE DAY SAVED!

A day or night's suffering is often saved those having "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" handy

Safe to take! Such quick relief! So why suffer?

For Headache	Rheumatism	Joint Pain
Neuralgia	Gout	Teeth Pain
Toothache	Lumbago	Stiff Neck
Colds	Backache	Earache
Influenza Colds	Sciatica	Fever
Grippe	Neuritis	Pain! Pain!

Proved safe by millions! American owned!

Adults—Take one or two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with water. If necessary, repeat dose three times a day, after meals.

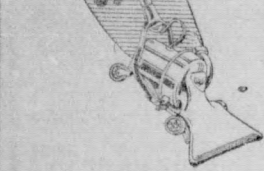
Bayer-Tablets OF Aspirin

The "Bayer Cross" on Genuine Tablets

20 cent Bayer packages—also larger Bayer packages. Buy Bayer packages only—Get original package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetilsalicylic Acid

The "APEX" Vacuum Cleaner



Not only sweeps but completely removes dust and dirt from walls, curtains, pictures, furniture, etc.

So light that a child can handle it yet so rapid and efficient that the drudgery of sweeping and cleaning is only a memory to those who possess an APEX. Built scientifically, practically indestructible, economical in operation and very low first cost.

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J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher

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Telephone - - - - Black 42

FAMOUS LEMON RANCHO PLACED ON MARKET

What will undoubtedly be a sensation to all owners of citrus property in Southern California is the announcement this week that the famous Leffingwell rancho, of Whittier, is to be sold at once in small acreage lots. C. W. Leffingwell, Sr. and his son of the same name, owners of the property, amounting to 375 acres, have put the same into the hands of Edwin G. Hart, who will superintend the big realty deal. Mr. Hart is the man who made citrus fame for himself in the planting and selling of the North Whittier Heights citrus property.

The Leffingwell rancho is probably the most famous lemon grove in the world. It is very highly improved property, some of the trees being twenty-two years old. It is in the celebrated Whittier citrus district, the groves of which for productiveness and quality of fruit are not excelled in the state. Each parcel of land sold will carry with it stock in the Leffingwell Citrus Association, giving the owner the right to pack and market his fruit under the exclusive Leffingwell brands a guarantee of the highest market price for the fruit. As Hart is under contract to dispose of the major portion of this property in a limited period early buyers will have the opportunity of purchasing small tracts at the wholesale price.

Further announcements will be made of the subdivision sale, which is to begin on Saturday, April 12. It is planned to sell in lots of five acres and upwards. New maps and plats have been

prepared, with the streets indicated, and are obtainable at Mr. Hart's offices, 729-31 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles.

A lot of news matter is crowded out this week, but we're all working and boosting for the Wistaria fete, which is of more importance just now. However, it is fairly launched now and we promise a more "newsy" paper next.

Read the want ad column on opposite page. Somebody lost something. Maybe it will interest you.

Our agricultural magazine received so many compliments last month that we are giving it to our readers again this week, and have about decided to continue it permanently. If you like the News' efforts to give you the best paper possible—tell your neighbors. It may mean a new subscriber.

The city papers gave our Wistaria fete fine press notices and will give us still more publicity as the crowds grow.

FOR DEVASTED FRANCE

For the purpose of raising \$200,000 in Southern California, which is the local quota of \$200,000,000 in the United States, the American Committee for Devasted France began a campaign this week which will last during the first three weeks of April. The clubs and societies of women are interested in the movement. The money is to be spent to buy household utensils, chickens, pigs, rabbits, farming tools and seeds for the returning peasants in the Department of the Aisne which was swept over several times by the armies. The peasants are now returning with nothing with which to start life again.

The campaign is being conducted in Sierra Madre by Robert Mitchell, and the amount to be raised here is \$103.47. Contributions will be received by Mr. Mitchell or may be left at the News office.

AT THE CHURCHES

Congregational
"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Morning sermon, 11 a. m. "The Huns of Life." Evening sermon, 8 p. m. "A Cathedral in Ruins."

The Womans Home Missionary Union of Southern California and the Southern Branch of the Womans Board of the Pacific will hold their annual meeting at Pasadena, April 8, 9 and 10, beginning at 1:30 p. m. on Tuesday. Mrs. Greer Caskey and Mrs. C. F. Gray have been appointed delegates to this meeting. Other members of the church hope to attend one or more sessions.

The regular meeting of the Auxiliary of the Congregational church has been postponed from the 8th to the 11th on account of the annual meeting at Pasadena, 8, 9, and 10. We hope to have a full attendance as we are to have reports from the delegates. Two other numbers of vital interest are to be presented besides important business to be transacted.

Bethany
Rev. H. J. Baldwin, Pastor
Sunday Services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

The Rev. H. W. Thorpe of Calgary, Alberta, will preach at Bethany church Sunday morning, April 6th. The regular monthly communion service has been postponed until April 13. Evening subject, "Man's Position before God." This is the second in a series of studies in Romans and covers the first three chapters.

A company of students from the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, about 95 in number, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Baldwin, 371 North Adams street Tuesday. A very large percentage of these students are bound for foreign shores as soon as their training at the Bible Institute is completed, their call to Christian work being that of foreign missionaries. The day in Sierra Madre was spent for the most part in hikes into the various canyons and the young folks went back to Los Angeles with much praise for the beauties of Sierra Madre and its surroundings.

Woman's Bible Class
Meets each Friday at 2:15 p. m. at residence of Mrs. M. O. Downs, 71 Victoria Lane. All women welcome.

Christian Science Society
Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m., subject, "Unreality."
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

St. Rita's Church
The ladies of St. Rita's church have decided to give their first entertainment at the residence of Mrs. Ham, 71 East Algeria street, consisting of card playing, musical program and refreshments on Easter Monday, April 21st. Details will be announced later.

Mass will be said at Woodson F. Jones' store next Sunday at 8:30 a. m. Regular services will be held in the church at its new location, Highland and Baldwin, the Sunday following Palm Sunday.

The Catholic church has been moved to a more convenient location on Highland avenue, near Baldwin.

Church of the Ascension
Rev. William Carson Shaw, Rector
At the service next Sunday morning, Passion Sunday, Mrs. Hawkhurst and Mrs. Hawks will sing, "The Crucifix" (duet) by Faure, and at the evening service Mrs. Hawks will sing Liddle's "Abide With Me."

W. C. T. U.

At the W. C. T. U. meeting of Friday afternoon many things of great importance were considered and the subject of Health and Americanism was well defined and that department of our work will be carried on vigorously. We approve of the noble purpose of the Boy Scouts—to be prepared to serve—is the best definition of Americanism. "Love with its sleeves rolled up" is love in action. America went "over there" to prove love and power to serve; we must now walk at home, and not faint in well doing. We will cooperate with the Missionary Society in its meeting at the Congregational church April 11.

Encourage Your Boy Scouts
"Put an end to this sickly and immoral twaddle with reference to not raising your boys to be soldiers. We are all raised to be soldiers, if we are decent men and women—soldiers for the right, throughout our entire lives. Our motto must be the old motto, "I serve." We all serve somewhere. We are soldiers of right, soldiers for good government, soldiers in war, if need be.

E. W. D.

Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

The Central Market

M. D. WELSHER, Grocer
FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES, GROCERIES
Quality and Quantity Guaranteed

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR OUR BIG SALE ON APRIL 12TH

MILK

Carnation, Sego, Borden's Libby, Alpine or Mt. Vernon Milk, per can

12 1-2 cents

THAT LARGE LOAF OF HOT BREAD WE HAVE TO RAISE TO 11c PER LOAF ON ACCOUNT OF HIGHER PRICES FOR FLOUR.

APRIL 12 — THE DAY — APRIL 12

ADVANCE OFFER ON PALM OLIVE GOODS

We are prepared to give you 4 BARS Palm Olive Soap, 1 JAR Palm Olive Cold Cream and 1 BOX Palm Olive Face Powder, Value \$1.40 for ONLY 89c. A limited number only.

Christopher's Ice Cream

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H. HARTMAN & SON
25 N. BALDWIN AVE. PHONE BLACK 25

W. F. HATFIELD THE OLD RELIABLE Realty and Insurance Broker

Still Doing Business at the Old Stand

REPRESENTING

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

Writing Insurance For

Life, Sickness, or Accident, Single and Combination Policies for Men and Women

Fire and Automobile Insurance. Employers Liability Insurance

W. F. HATFIELD
Commissioned Notary Public. 144 North Mountain Trail

Announcement

Southern California Edison Co.

OFFERS THE UNSOLD PORTION OF

\$2,000,000 Common Capital Stock

AT A PRICE TO YIELD OVER 7% ON THE INVESTMENT

Southern California Edison Company is resuming the practice of permitting its patrons and the public to become partners in its business through the purchase of Common Stock, and you are now given the opportunity to subscribe for the unsold portion of 20,000 shares, upon particularly attractive terms. Late 1917, the Company sold, in about 60 days time, over \$3,000,000 par value of its Common Stock to its officers, employees and the public in Southern California, but to avoid competition with the Government, public sales were discontinued for the period of the war.

The Company owns or controls a comprehensive, thoroughly modern electric system, supplying over 200 cities and towns, in 10 counties in Southern California, and the San Joaquin Valley, with an area of over 55,000 square miles and a population of over 1,000,000. The Edison system includes generating plants of a capacity of 302,430 horsepower, of which 158,920 horsepower is generated by water. It has sufficient undeveloped water rights to double its present total capacity, thus insuring a large supply of cheap power to meet future demands.

During the past ten years the growth of the Company has been such that the earnings have more than tripled, and present earnings are ample to meet all dividend requirements. Rates charged are low as compared to other parts of the country. In spite of high costs and other restrictions brought about by the war, the Company has maintained its sound financial position and continued without change the payment of the dividends on this stock, which are at the rate of \$7. per share per annum, payable quarterly.

PRICE \$90 PER SHARE IN MONTHLY
INSTALLMENTS OF \$5 PER SHARE.

\$89 PER SHARE IF
PAID FOR IN FULL

Let Your Dividends Pay Your Electric Bill

Subscriptions received at Company office, 426 S. Myrtle Ave., Monrovia, Phone Main 6; Security Department, Edison Building, Broadway at Third Street, Los Angeles; First National Bank, Sierra Madre, Phone Main 4.

For Sale--CHEAP

Some of the best business and residence lots on the West Side. All within the limits of Central, Highland, Hermosa and Lima.

Three fine corners on Central Avenue.

Apply to owner,
102 N. Hermosa

MRS. C. B. JONES,
Phone Black 83.

TRADE AT HOME

And let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

Plant Ornamental Trees and Shrubs To Beautify your Home

We specialize on hardy, attractive flowering and foliage trees and shrubs that are adapted to our local climate. These plants are well established and all ready to set out. You will find our prices very reasonable.

Phone Your Wants

We Deliver

Irving N. Ward Nursery
Phone Blue 29. Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.



Is the earliest pickings of the First Growth from the best districts of Japan. In half pound sealed packages at 35c

SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY ONLY

Best Creamery Butter, the pound	63c
Fresh Ginger Snaps, the pound,	19c
Seeded Raisins, the package	11c
Pink Beans, the pound	88c
Sapolio, the cake	88c
Light House Cleanser, the can	95c

"Cash Beats Credit"

Sierra Madre Department Store

S..R. NORRIS, Prop.
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

ANDREWS & HAWKS

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Exchange 2|

27 North Baldwin Avenue

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Deliveries on Signed Orders

Sierra Madre Garage

MILTON STEINBERGER, Prop.

LOCAL ITEMS

J. A. Reed is enjoying a visit from his father, A. V. Reed, of Odessa, Mo.

Mrs. E. P. Pierce was elected school trustee by popular vote last week.

Mrs. J. D. Mackerras will entertain the Priscillas at her home next Thursday, April 10th.

Judge W. H. Stubbins went to Hollywood this week, to be gone for some time.

C. S. Kersting, wife and daughter, Katherine, of Venice, were the guests of F. H. Hartman, Sunday.

Mrs. Sina S. Bothwell, of Sedalia, Mo., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Whiting, 255 Hermosa avenue.

Mrs. L. P. Mitchell and son of Owensmouth, called on friends in Sierra Madre Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Rust will entertain the Dickens Fellowship with a luncheon at the Wistaria fete Wednesday, April 9.

A convalescent joy rider sent in a fine letter of appreciation written in Shakespearian style—but forgot to sign her name.

The many friends of Mrs. Keith M. Walker will be pleased to learn that she is recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

Mrs. James Trevillion of Denver, Colorado, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Benton of 462 West Central avenue, for a week.

Miss Annie Greene went to Long Beach on Tuesday for a few days' visit with her sister, Mrs. T. L. De Condres.

J. A. Reed has resigned his position with the Monrovia Laundry Co., and D. G. Stephen, of Monrovia, takes his place as driver of the laundry truck.

The Masons held a smoker at their hall last week and enjoyed an address by Irving J. Mitchell. P. M. of University Lodge, Los Angeles.

Dr. Hart and Owen Hale have rented the Memmer cottage on South Lima, and are conducting a modern bachelor's hall.

Five big truck loads of happy, yelling children from the McKinley school Los Angeles, passed through town this morning to hike up Sierra Madre canyon.

S. A. King returned Tuesday to his home at Fairmont, Minn.

Harold Craig came in from Irona, last week to visit his mother for a few days.

H. Bergen has returned from a two weeks visit with his brother at Strathmore and Lindsay.

H. H. Fish of Omaha, Nebraska, was a pleasant caller at the News office Wednesday.

The Southern Counties Gas company is extending the gas main up Sierra Madre canyon, completing the work that was stopped by war measures.

Mr. Oscar Brock arrived from Seattle, Sunday morning, March 30th having driven in his car from San Francisco. Mrs. Brock has been living at 13 Mt. Trail avenue for several weeks.

Miss F. H. Hawks has returned from a six weeks sojourn at the Good Samaritan hospital at Los Angeles, greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cox are at Fullerton, attending the funeral of Mrs. Cox's brother, Roy Trowbridge, who was killed in a railroad accident, Tuesday.

It is reported that Thompson Brown, who used to live here, was seriously injured in Los Angeles last week in a collision with an auto truck, but we are unable to learn the details.

The half acre of ground at the southwest corner of Central and Baldwin needs to be plowed for our big city flower bed. Owners of teams and plows call at News office—but don't crowd.

The Victory Liberty Loan committee is busy making arrangements for the big drive which begins April 21. The only man who could subscribe to former Liberty loans and didn't has left town so we expect to make this one without a single fly in the ointment.

The advertising matter for the Victory Liberty loan, prepared by the State committee is the strongest appeal the writer has ever seen and as it will appear simultaneously all over the country it will create a tremendous amount of sentiment in favor of this last Liberty loan, which will, as an investment, be very attractive.

NEWS WANTAD LINERS

(Rates 5 cents a line—cash in advance.)

FOR RENT—Upright piano, nearly new, \$3.50 per month. A. N. Adams.

WANTED—Girl for general housework, to go home nights. 395 W. Mariposa Ave. 26*

MONEY TO LOAN on improved real estate in sums of \$500 to \$2000 at 7 per cent. A. N. Adams. 26

DRESSMAKING—All kinds of plain and fancy dressmaking. Reasonable prices. Phone Red 135. Mrs. C. C. Tilton, Jr. 29*

NOW IS THE time to clean up yards, plant shrubbery and flowers. See Riddale, the gardener, about work. 197 North Auburn Ave. 2627*

FOR SALE—Well built modern house of three rooms on big lot; high and slightly. Owner going east and must sell, cheap. Only \$1100, terms. Address "Bargain" News office. 27*

LOST—Last Friday night at or near Woman's Club house, small black ladies' purse containing money. Finder please return to News office. Reward. 27*

REWARD offered for names of children who took gold fish from pond on my place, corner of Park and Mariposa. G. F. Wynell, 1037 Citizens National Bank Bldg., Los Angeles. 27*

LOST—Female fox terrier, two black spots on back, black face, tan mountings. Pasadena license 1016. Liberal reward. Phone Black 92. 27*

You are reading the want ads just like others read them. This is a popular department of the News, and pulls big results. Got something to sell? Want to buy something? Plant an ad here—and realize.

The undersigned desire to sincerely and heartily thank all our friends and acquaintances for the great kindness, sympathy and material assistance that has been extended to us during our recent illness.
A. M. Udeil and family.

Saturday Specials in Groceries

Lettuce, three heads	10c
Green Peas, per pound	10c
White Rose Potatoes, 8 pounds	25c
Green Asparagus, per pound	25c
Strawberries, per box	20c
Spinach, five bunches	10c
Bib Stock Celery	15c
White Onions per pound	15c
Brown Onions four pounds for	25c
Fresh Eggs, per dozen	50c

C. M. Nomura

Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

The Gasoline Problem of Supply and Demand

The second of a series of three statements

The war directed attention to the need of petroleum conservation. Speaking on this subject, Mark L. Requa, General Director, Oil Division, United States Fuel Administration, recently said:

"The disproportion between the supply of and demand for gasoline is enormous and constitutes a critical problem.

"Projected at the percentage of increase, 1904-1914, we should require in 1927 something like 700,000,000 barrels of petroleum. In 1918 our total production was only 350,000,000 barrels."

To meet this situation both the petroleum and automobile industries have for several years been making every effort. The problem has been approached from every angle:

- The oil producers are constantly prospecting for new fields. They have sunk many wells and are doing everything possible to increase petroleum production.
- The oil refiners, with the help of their chemical engineers, are ever devising new and improved processes of refining by which they squeeze every possible drop of gasoline out of each barrel of petroleum.
- The automotive engineers have aided much in gasoline conservation by their constant improvement of automobile engines and methods of carburization. Their efforts are to secure the operation of automobiles on grades of gasoline that permit the maximum production of this motor fuel from each barrel of crude oil and which, at the same time, will give the greatest power and mileage from each unit of gasoline consumed.

All these methods are succeeding to a marked degree, and yet gasoline consumption is increasing much faster than production.

Facing these bald facts last summer, it became evident to President Wilson and the United States Fuel Administration that there was virtually as great need for gasoline conservation as for food conservation.

In consequence the United States Fuel Administration requested Eastern states to discontinue entirely all non-essential use of passenger automobiles, and for a time this request was so extended that only automobiles in Government, emergency or war service were in use on Sunday. These limitations were not extended to the Western states, because at the time there was enough gasoline being produced in California for Pacific Coast needs and its distribution did not require the use of transcontinental transportation facilities needed for war.

It was part of this same campaign to conserve gasoline that led President Wilson to appoint a Government committee to determine and adopt standard

specifications for gasoline and other petroleum products.

This committee consisted of the United States Fuel Administration and representatives of the War and Navy Departments, the United States Shipping Board, the Director General of Railroads, the Bureau of Mines and the Bureau of Standards.

The committee was assisted and advised by technical experts from each of these departments and bodies.

After extended discussions, exhaustive tests and experimentation, this Government committee adopted standard specifications for gasoline, not only for aviation purposes, but also for general motor use on land and sea.

These United States Government specifications were drawn up with a view to providing a grade of gasoline that would meet every practical requirement and yet allow maximum production. They deal with the problem on the basis of the best utilization of our petroleum resources, and the maintenance of reasonable prices to the consumer.

Drafted as they were by impartial Government experts, these United States Government gasoline specifications are today being generally considered as the most practical standard for gasoline. They insure an efficient and satisfactory gasoline and at the same time have due regard for the necessity of petroleum conservation.

The gasoline being furnished today is more powerful and gives greater mileage than the gasoline of ten years ago. Its use is made possible by the improvements in automobile engines and methods of carburization. To go back to the gasoline of ten years ago would be to accept a more highly volatile but less powerful gasoline giving less mileage. It would also result in decreasing the production and increasing the cost of gasoline.

All Red Crown gasoline now being supplied in the Pacific Coast states is refined to conform with the United States Government standard specifications. It has the full, uniform chain of boiling points necessary for full-powered, dependable gasoline: Low boiling points for easy starting, medium boiling points for quick, smooth acceleration, and high boiling points for power and mileage.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)



The Thirteenth Commandment

By
RUPERT HUGHES

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

—11—

"I'll buy myself a picture of you." She told of her longing for a photograph of him, but did not tell him of her need of it as a talisman. He laughed aloud at this incredible way of spending money, till she began suddenly to cry. He had no answer to that argument except yes. Then she began to laugh. They decided to stop at a photographer's on the way to the five-thirty train.

Daphne ran out and cashed Reben's check at the grocer's much to the relief of Reben's bookkeeper, whose books had been held up by the missing check.

Daphne asked for the privilege of taking her father to the train, and Bayard was so busy figuring where to put the cash he had on hand that he consented to stop at home.

They went first to the gallery of a photographer whose show-case had displayed some strong and veracious portraits of men. The photographer's prices staggered Daphne and she protested, but he answered dolefully:

"I'd give a thousand dollars for one photograph of my father."

That settled it.

After the sitting Daphne and her father proceeded to the station. She stopped at the gate because she had neither a ticket for the train nor a platform pass from the station master.

She watched him dwindling down the long platform. He was a mere manikin when he reached his place and waved to her before he vanished through the magic door of the train.

She waved to him with her handkerchief, and when he was gone she buried her eyes in it. Her partings with her father had marked epochs in her life. She wondered what destiny would do to her between now and the next one. She felt forlorn, afraid for his life on the train, afraid for her soul in the perils before it, and so sorry for him and for herself that she could not help boo-hooing a little.

Destiny did not keep her waiting, for while she was strangling her sobs as best she could she heard a voice over her shoulder. It said:

"Aha, gel, at last I have you in me power."

"Mr. Duane!" she gasped, as she turned to meet his smile with another. "And where have you been all this long while?"

"A lot you've cared," he growled. "Did you ever telephone me as you promised you would? No! Were you always out when I telephoned? Yes! Did you let me call on you? You did not! When at last it penetrated my thick hide that you were actually giving me a hint that you didn't want me round and that you had thrown me overboard, neck and crop, I grew very proud. I refused to call on you again."

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, and her voice broke.

"Sorry" was a dangerous word for her at that moment, and her sobs were beginning again, when he made a vigorous effort to talk them down.

The crowds in the station were too well preoccupied with their own errands to notice a girl crying, and to the gateman farewell tears were no luxury.

Duane tried the best he could to help her. He was saying: "And now I suppose I've got to miss my train and my



"I'd Give a Thousand Dollars for One Photograph of My Father."

golf and all that while I take you home in a taxi. You're far too pretty to be running around loose in a mob like this."

She shook her head. "You mustn't miss your train, Mr. Duane, or your golf. I'm used to going about alone, and I've got to get used to it. I'm going home in the subway. Good-by and thank you."

She put out her hand formally, and he took it. It was like a soft, sun-warmed flower in his palm, and he clung to it. Its warmth seemed to

reach through his blood to his heart and to make it ache.

"I must go. You can't put me off again!" he said. "I will take you home!" He turned to call a redcap standing in solemn patience beside two traveling bags and a bristling golf bag. "Porter, take my things to the parcel room and bring me the check."

"No," said Daphne, hastily. "I mustn't! You mustn't! Really! I mean it! Good-by!"

She walked away so rapidly that he could not follow her without unseemly haste. She heard him call, sharply: "Porter, never mind the parcel room. Come along to the train."

Her success in escaping him was so complete that she rather regretted it. When she reached the apartment she found Leila almost prostrated from the effects of her altruism and from the fact that Bayard was in one of his tantrums.

A special delivery letter had just come from Dutilh's shop. It said that Mr. Dutilh was arriving from Paris with his winter models, and since he would have to pay a large sum at the customs house it was regrettably necessary to beg Mr. Kip to send by return mail a check for the inclosed bill, which was long past due.

And now the briefly adjourned laws of finance were reassembled. Leila's short reign was over; her extravagance had again found her out and demanded punishment. The gown she had bought, and was asked to pay for, had been worn shabby, danced to shreds in Newport. But the bill was as bright as ever.

Bayard was so fagged with his weeks of discouragement that he was as irascible as a veteran of the gout whose toe has been stepped on, when Daphne walked in he was denouncing Leila in excellent form. He used Daphne as a further club.

"My poor sister sent back the gown she bought! But you—you bought more!"

Daphne realized how much this would endear her to Leila and she took immediate flight. She found the Chivvies in a state of tension. Mr. Chivvis was not usually home before half-past six. Daphne felt an omen in the way they looked at her when they acknowledged her entrance.

She went to her room in a state of foreboding misery. She had not paid her board for several weeks. She had not mentioned the fact to Mrs. Chivvis, nor Mrs. Chivvis to her, though the nonpayment of a board bill is one of the self-evident truths that landladies usually discuss with freedom.

A few minutes later Mrs. Chivvis tapped on the door, her thimble making a sharp click. She brought her sewing with her and sewed as she said: "May I sit down a moment? Thank you." She kept her eyes on the seam while she talked.

"Well, Miss Kip, the war has reached us also at last. My husband lost his position today."

"Yes? Oh, how horrible!" Daphne gasped, with double sincerity.

"The office was closed unexpectedly by an involuntary petition in bankruptcy. His salary was not paid last week nor this, and—well—we don't want to inconvenience you, but—"

"I understand," said Daphne. "I'll give you what I can."

She took her poor little wealth from her handbag. She had paid ten of the fifty to the photographer as a deposit. She gave Mrs. Chivvis twenty-five dollars, and promised her more.

Mrs. Chivvis was very grateful and went down the hall, smiling a little over her seam.

Clay called that evening. He was exhausted with a day of tramping the town, looking for work. He was too weary to talk and he fell asleep twice during one of Mr. Chivvis's commentaries on the probable effects of the imminent capture of Paris by the irresistible Germans. The French government had already moved to Bordeaux and—But Clay had read it all in a dozen different newspapers, and he passed away.

Daphne was restless. Mr. Chivvis was on her nerves. Clay was not pretty, asleep, sitting with his jaw dropped and his hands hanging down, palms forward, like an ape's. She was enjoying another of the woes of marriage without its privileges.

The Chivvies began to yawn, and Mrs. Chivvis finally bade the startled Clay "Good evening." She had been brought up to believe that it was indecorous for a woman to bid a man "Good-night."

Clay, left alone with Daphne, attempted a drowsy carress, but she felt insulted and she snarled at him:

"If you're only walking in your sleep you'd better walk yourself out of here and go to bed."

His apology was incoherent and she was indignantly curt with him at the door. She went to her room and sat at the window, staring down at the dark swarm of watchers before the bulletin boards.

She had told her brother that she did not have to starve or sin, because she had a father, a brother, a lover to protect her from want. And now her father and her brother and her lover were all in dire predicament, staggering blindly in a fog of debt.

Suppose her father's train ran off the track or into another train. A spread rail, a block signal overlooked, a switch left unlocked, might bring doom upon his train as on so many others. She shivered at the horror of her father's loss. She shivered again at the thought of what it would mean to her.

Suppose the Chivvies turned her out. Why should they feed her for nothing when their own future was endangered?

What could Bayard do for her? or Clay? There was Mr. Duane, of course; but she could not take his money without paying him. And in what coin could she pay him? She trembled, and the breeze turned glacial.

The next morning was another day of the same shoddy pattern. She rose unrefreshed with only her fears renewed. She borrowed the Chivvies' newspaper and, skipping the horrid advertisements of foreign barbarity and American dismay, turned to the last pages. The "Situations Wanted" columns were eloquently numerous and the "Help Wanted—Female" columns were few; still, she made a list of such places as there were. She wrote letters to all sorts of people who gave newspaper letter-box addresses, and she went out to call on all sorts of people who gave their street numbers.

The letters she wrote were not answered at all. She lost her postage as she had lost her car fares. It seemed as if the end of the world, or at least the breakup of its civilization, had arrived without warning and without refuge.

CHAPTER XVII.

Daphne had not told Mrs. Chivvis of her financial plight, nor of her father's, nor her brother's. She had simply let the days of payment go past one by one. She saw a chiller glitter in Mrs. Chivvis's eye and there was a constant restraint upon the conversation for many days.

Mr. Chivvis was at home most of the time now, sitting about in his old clothes to save the others. He and his wife naturally talked of Daphne. Sometimes she overheard their undertones. Each seemed to urge the other to the attack. Finally, one evening Mrs. Chivvis made so bold as to call on Daphne in her room, and to say, after much improvising:

"I dislike to speak of it, Miss Kip, but—well—you see—the fact is—if you—The grocer is sending round in the morning for his last week's bill, and—if it's not inconvenient—"

Daphne felt sick with shame, but she had to confess, "I can't tell you how sorry I am, but I haven't any."

"Really? That's too badly!" Mrs. Chivvis said. She was hardly surlier for herself than for Daphne. She tried to brighten them both with hope. "But you expect—no doubt you expect soon to—"

"I've been looking for—for some work to do, but there doesn't seem to be any."

"Oh, I see!" said Mrs. Chivvis, confirmed in her suspicions and reduced to silence. Daphne went on, after swallowing several cobblestones:

"But, of course, I've no right to be eating your food and staying on here as a guest. And I suppose I'd better give up my room, so that you can take in somebody who can pay."

Mrs. Chivvis was close, but she was not up to an evasion, and she gasped, "Oh, really!—I hardly think—I shouldn't like—"

Her hard voice crackled like an icicle snapping off the eaves in a spring sun; and before either of them quite understood it the hard eyes of both thawed; tears streamed, and they were in each other's arms.

Daphne was the better weeper of the two. Poor Mrs. Chivvis could not be really lavish even with tears; but she did very well, for her.

Immediately they felt years better acquainted—old friends all of a sudden. They were laughing foolishly when an apologetic knock on the open door introduced Mr. Chivvis, who would no more have crossed the sill than he would have broken into the temple of Vesta. His name was Chivvis, not Clodius.

The surprised eyes of Daphne threw him into confusion, but he said: "I've been thinking, Miss Kip, that if you really want to work and aren't too particular what at—maybe I could get you a place at my old office, with the publishing house. They turned me off, but the receivers are trying to keep the business going. Not much pay, but something's always better'n nothing."

"Anything is better than nothing," said Daphne, "and it might be a beginning."

She applied the next day and the firm accepted her.

Now Daphne was truly a working woman; not a dramatic artist with peculiar hours, but a toiler by the clock. She entered the office of the company at half-past eight, punched her number on the time register, and set to work addressing large envelopes. She wrote and wrote and wrote till twelve; at one she took up her pen again, and

the afternoon went in an endless reiteration of dip and write, till five-thirty. Then she joined the home-going panic and took the crowded subway to Columbus circle.

She plodded the treadmill, till at the end of the sixth day, her forty-eighth hour of transcribing names and addresses from the lists to the wrappers, she carried off a cash reward of eight dollars. This was not clear gain. Her street car fares had totaled sixty cents, her lunches a dollar and a half; she had worn her costumes at a few ink spots, and her shoes were taking on a shabby nap.

It was not encouraging.

At Daphne's left elbow was a large, fat girl whose pen rolled off large, fat letters. She talked all the time about nothing of importance, laughed and fidgeted and asked questions that would have been impertinent if they had come from anything but a large, fat head.

Her name was Maria Pribik. She was a Bohemian of the second generation; but she was dyed in the wool with New Yorkishness. She was an incessant optimist and kept reminding everybody to "cheer up, girls, the wisest might be wiser yet."

Daphne's luck did not last long. The receivers found that the percentage of inquiries following upon the advertising and circularizing campaigns was hardly paying the postage. People were either too poor to buy books or too busy with the molten history pouring from the caldrons of Europe. Yesterday's paper was ancient history enough.

The receivers closed down the business abruptly on a Saturday and instructed the manager to announce



Mr. Chivvis Was at Home Most of the Time Now, Sitting About in His Old Clothes to Save the Others.

to his flock that there would be no more work at present. Daphne's heart stopped. Here she was again, learning again the dreadful significance of "out of a job"—what the theatrical people called "at liberty."

Miss Pribik looked at Daphne and noted her gloom. "Say, kid, listen here. Why'n't choo come with me? I can land you a job at the Lar de Luks. Guy name of Goist is the boss and he'll always gimme a job or any lady friend. He's kind of rough, but what's the diff? His money buys just as much as anybody's. We better beat it over there ahead this hunch."

Daphne murmured her hasty thanks and they left at once. Miss Pribik led the way to a huge building full of "Pants Makers," "Nightshirt Makers," "Waist Makers," and publishers of calendars, favors and subscription books. She asked for Mr. Gerst, saw him, beckoned him over, and hailed him with bravado:

"Well, Miss Goist, here I am, back to the mines. This is me friend Kip. I want you should give her a job—and me, too."

Daphne faced Mr. Gerst's inspection without visible flinching, though she was uneasy within. Gerst was a large, flamboyant brute with eyes that seemed less to receive light than to send forth vision. He had an inquisitive and stripping gaze. But Daphne must endure it. After ransacking Daphne with his eyes, he grunted: "You look pretty good to me, kiddo. You can begin Monday."

"Thanks," said Daphne, humbly.

"I'm comin', too," said Miss Pribik.

"All right," said Gerst. "It's time you did. We'll take some of that beef off you." And he playfully pinched her arm.

Adroitly evading his pincers, Miss Pribik led the way out, and Daphne trailed her outside.

Daphne loathed and feared the man already. He stood like a glowering menace in the path ahead of her.

Monday morning at eight Daphne reported for work with the L'Art de Luxe Publishing society, pronounced by its own people (who ought to know) "Lar de Luks."

This firm was engaged in the peculiarly Anglo-Saxon business of grazing the censorship as closely as possible. It printed everything that it dared to print under the whimsically Puritanic eye of the law. Toward the authorities it turned the white side of a banner of culture claiming to put in the hands of the people the noblest works of foreign genius and defying any but an impure mind to find impurity in its classic wares. The other side of the banner was purple and informed the customers by every

prurient innuendo that the books were published in their entirety without expurgation. Vice has its hypocritical cant no less than religion.

One day, toward the end of her first week, she was startled to find before her a card bearing the legend "Duane, Thomas." His address was given, and the facts that he had bought the three-quarter morocco Balzac, the half-leather Fielding and Smollett, and the leviant Court Memoirs. He had not yet taken the bait for the De Maupassant.

Daphne pondered his card and his taste. She was shaken from her pensive mood by the sudden commotion of all the women. All eyes had seen the minute and the hour hands in conjunction at XII. Names were left off in the middle; pens fell from poised hands.

Daphne found herself alone. She was glad of the quiet and the solitude, while it lasted—which was not long, for Gerst came back unexpectedly early.

His eye met Daphne's. He started toward her, and then, seeing that she glanced away, went on to his desk. He stood there manifestly irresolute a moment. He glanced at Daphne again, at the fire escapes, at the empty room. Then he went to the first of the tables and with labored carelessness inspected the work of the absentee. He drifted along the aisle toward Daphne, throwing her now and then an interrogative smile that filled her with a fierce anxiety.

She knew his reputation. She had seen his vulgar scuffles with some of the girls, had heard his odious words. She was convinced that he was about to pay her the horrible compliment of his attention.

Her heart began to flutter with fear and wrath. She felt that if he spoke to her she would scream; if he put his hand on her shoulder or her chair she would kill him, with a pair of scissors or the knife with which she scraped off blots. . . . No, she must not kill him. But she would have to strike him on the mouth.

But that meant instant dismissal at the very least. He might smash his fist into her face or her breast or knock her to the floor with the back of his hand. She had seen too much of life recently to cherish longer the pretty myth that the poor are good to the poor. She had seen how shabby women fared with street car conductors and subway guards. She had seen her own prestige dwindle as her clothes lost freshness.

But the violence of Gerst's resentment would be a detail. The horror was the mere thought of his touch.

She rose quickly and tried to reach the fire escape. That was the solution—to join the crowd.

But Gerst filled the aisle. She sidled past two tables into the next aisle. He laughed and sidled across to the same aisle. She tried to hasten by. He put his arms out and snickered:

"What's the rush, girlie? Nobody hollered 'Fire!'"

"Let me pass, please," she mumbled. "Wait a minute, wait a minute. What'd you say if I was to ask you to go to a show tonight, huh? What'd you say?"

"Thank you. I have another—I couldn't."

"Smother eve, then? Or to a dance, huh?"

"Thank you, I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not? Come on! Why not? Ain't I got class enough for you?"

"Oh yes, but— Please, let me by."

He stared at her, and his hands twitched, and his lips. His eyes ran over her face and her bosom as if she were a forbidden text. She was trying to remember what Duane had told her about the way to quell a man. With great difficulty and in all trepidation she parroted her old formula.

"Mr. Gerst, you don't have to flirt with me. I don't expect it, and I don't like it, so please let me go."

He stared at her, trying to understand her amazing foreign language. Then he sniffed with amused unbelief, dropped his hands, and stood aside.

Daphne could hardly believe her eyes. The charm had worked the third time! She darted forward to get away before the spell was broken. As she passed him—whether he suddenly changed his mind or had only pretended to acquiesce—he enveloped her in his arms.

She almost swooned in the onset of fear and the suffocation of his embrace. Then she fought him, striking, scratching, writhing. He crowded her against the nearest table and tried to reach her lips across her left elbow.

Her outflung right hand struck against an inkwell, recognized it as a weapon of a sort, and, clutching it, swept it up and emptied it into his face.

His satyric leer vanished in a black splash. His hands went to his drenched eyes. Daphne, released, dropped the inkwell and fled to the locker-room while he stamped about, howling like the blinded Cyclops. Daphne did not stay to taunt him nor to demand her wages. She caught a glimpse of faces at the fire-escape windows, but hugging her hat and coat, she made good her escape.

She knew what she was escaping from, but not what to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Word Spoils All.

Just when a woman begins to be invited out a little by nice people her husband spoils all by referring to the laundress as the washerwoman right out where everybody can hear.—Ohio State Journal.

Impossible.

Hub—"I don't believe in parading my virtues." Wife—"You couldn't, anyway. It takes quite a number to make a parade."—Boston Transcript.

A Valuable Habit

Is that of being on time. It has made reputation for thousands. A good watch costs very little, and every sensible person should own one. Buy yours now. Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

BARGAINS IN USED CARS

50 splendid used cars—Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Nats, etc.—\$250 to \$500. Guaranteed first class running condition—easy terms if wanted by right parties. Write for detailed list and description. Used Car Co., Salt Lake City.

Randall-Dodd Auto Co., Salt Lake City

SEND US YOUR FROZEN, LEAKY, DAMAGED RADIATORS

We pay transportation one way. Returned like new. ACETYLENE WELDING in all its branches. We save you time and money.

H. & E. Radiator & Welding Co.
252 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

AGENTS WANTED

In every town in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada, to sell a household article retailing at \$1.75. Four dollars and up per day guaranteed to any one who will work. Sample costs \$1.00. For information and sample, write WEBB JOHNSON CO.

56 P. O. Place Salt Lake City, Utah

HELP WANTED

If you want big wages learn barber trade. Many small towns need barbers. Good opportunities open for men over draft age. Barbers in army have good as officers commission. Get prepared in few weeks. Call or write: Meier Barber College, 418 West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

RANKED WITH GREAT POETS

John Greenleaf Whittier Has Written His Name Among the Immortals of the Earth.

John Greenleaf Whittier, one of the best loved and most famous of American poets, and perhaps, the most ardent abolitionist known to United States history, was born December 17 near Haverhill, Mass. He was apprenticed to journalism and became an editor at the early age of twenty-two. He held various editorial positions, and throughout his life devoted himself to the writing of both prose and poetry, having no doubt a deep inspiration in that he belonged to the same age that gave Emerson and Longfellow to America and Tennyson and the Brownings to England. With such as his contemporaries Whittier, being himself blessed with natural talents, could do no less than what he did in literature. Whittier, however, is better known to fame because of his poems. His prose is not so exalted, though true. He wrote "My Psalm," "Barclay of Ury," "Barbara Frietchie," "At Sundown" and various other wonderful poems. He lived to be eighty-five years old, dying peacefully September 7, 1892.

LABOR DRIVEN TO ITS LIMIT

Hardest of Hard Work Demanded of Boatmen in the Early Days of the Country.

The high moral courage of the missionaries who strove to convert the Indians of the Canadian Northwest is well illustrated by the life of Father Lacombe, who dared to rebuke Chief Factor Rowan of the Hudson Bay company for heartlessness toward the company's men. Katherine Hughes describes the incident in her biography of Father Lacombe. The factor and the priest were journeying to Edmonton in a keel boat, towed by a company of cordeliers.

Of the boatman's toll Father Lacombe has written: "Imagine, if you please, after resting a few hours on the bare earth, to hear at 3 o'clock the cry, 'Level! Level! Et puis, hurrah!' to pull and pull on the lines drawing the heavy boat up against the current, walking in the mud, the rocks, the swamp, along cliffs, and sometimes in water to their armpits—and this under a burning sun or beating rain from early morning until darkness fell about 9 o'clock. Without having seen it one can form no idea of the hardships, the cruel fatigues, of these boatmen."—Youth's Companion.

Aid in Self-Mastery.

It is a good practice for people to make a practice of doing something every day for their development, that they don't want to do, and then to deny themselves every day something they want. This should not be for a day, a week or a year, but a life work. In no other way can a man become master of himself.—Dr. J. H. Telden.

Prospects of Palestine.

Palestine has never had a well-defined boundary except the sea on its west, but it is understood to be about 10,000 miles in extent. Much of this area is too dry and rocky for tillage; large parts are too dry even for cattle or sheep.

The Movie Tariff.

Harold was told to run over and see what the prices were for a special picture showing at the movies that evening. When he came back he said: "It's 11 cents for children and 17 cents for the overgrown."

Gigantic Amazon.

The Amazon drains an area of 2,500,000 square miles—ten times the area of France—and by connection with the river and its tributaries there are said to be 50,000 miles of navigable water.

Weekly Health Talks

What Is the Cause of Backache?

BY DOCTOR CORNELL

Backache is perhaps the most common ailment from which women suffer. Rarely do you find anybody free from it. Sometimes the cause is obscure, but Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., a high medical authority, says the cause is very often a form of catarrh that settles in the delicate membranes of the feminine organs. When these organs are inflamed, the first symptom is backache, accompanied by bearing down sensations, weakness, unhealthy discharges, irregularity, painful periods, irritation, headache and a general run-down condition. Any woman in this condition is to be pitied, but pity does not cure. The trouble calls for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is a separate and distinct medicine for women.

It is made of roots and herbs put up without alcohol or opiate of any kind, for Dr. Pierce uses nothing else in his prescription. Favorite Prescription is a natural remedy for women, for the vegetable growths of which it is made seem to have been intended by Nature for that very purpose. Thousands of girls and women, young and old, have taken it, and thousands have written grateful letters to Dr. Pierce saying it made them well. In taking Favorite Prescription, it is reassuring to know that it goes straight to the cause of the trouble. There is but one way to overcome sickness, and that is to overcome the cause. That is precisely what Favorite Prescription is intended to do.

Send 10c for trial pkg. of Tablets. Address Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Constipated women, as well as men, are advised by Dr. Pierce to take his Pleasant Pellets. They are just splendid for constiveness.

Don't Ruin Your Cows

By Neglecting a Retained Afterbirth

Few cows die but many are ruined by such neglect. Give DR. DAVID ROBERTS' Cow Cleaner

before and after freshening. It will positively prevent and overcome this trouble. At our dealers or Postpaid \$1.00. Consult Dr. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for price list of medicines and get a FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on Afterbirth in Cows. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 150 Grand Ave., Waukegan, Wis.

One Treatment with Cuticura Clears Dandruff

All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Toilet 25c. Sample each free of Cuticura, Dept. 3, Boston.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Sold by all druggists. 25c

All Smoking Tobaccos are Flavored

"Your Nose Knows"

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "... on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed ... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves."

Your smoke-enjoyment depends as much upon the Quality and kind of flavoring used as upon the Quality and aging of the tobacco.

Tuxedo tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings—chocolate! That flavoring, added to the finest of carefully aged and blended burley tobacco, produces Tuxedo—the perfect tobacco—

"Your Nose Knows."



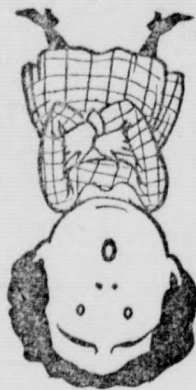
Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—it's delicious, pure fragrance will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—"Your Nose Knows."

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

STOMACH UPSET?

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, GAS, INDIGESTION.

Your meals hit back! Your stomach is sour, acid, gassy and you feel bloated after eating or you have heavy lumps of indigestion pain or headache, but never mind. Here is instant relief.



Don't stay upset! Eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin and immediately the indigestion, gases, acidity and all stomach distress ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets are the surest, quickest stomach relievers in the world. They cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Patience on a Strike.

"Confound it!" grumbled old Riley Rezzidew of Petunia. "I'm sick and tired of being overlasted hectorated and hinted at by Hi Price. Looks like he puts in his time hunting for chances to interrupt his feller citizens in the exercise of their indelible rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Dadburn him, some of these days I'll buy a grocery store myself, just so I can have a place to play checkers without being eternally snubbed and stum-bled over!"

RHEUMATISM IS PAIN ONLY, RUB IT AWAY

Instant relief from pain, soreness, stiffness following a rubbing with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Stop "dosing" rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain! It is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia and reduces swelling.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.—Adv.

And an awful lot of argument can come out of a little mouth.

Demobilizing Four-footed Heroes of War

England Must Dispose of More Than Half a Million Horses, Many of Which Bear Wounds Received in Battle.

BY LLOYD ALLEN

Special Staff Correspondent.

LONDON.—Over half a million four-legged heroes of the war, many of them "gold stripe" horses, are being given the only kind of honorable discharge a horse can receive: sold to English and other civilians to fill the pressing need in this country's transport system.

We thought, in America where thousands of these horses came from, that the British army horse led as precarious an existence as the machine gunners in the first line of trenches. During those first months of war, when British army agents were buying horses in the United States, there were many who honestly believed the American steeds would last about one week in that inferno of shell fire.

You should see the American horses now being brought to England from France if you ever believed the life of a horse at the front was a hundred-to-one shot that death would come in the form of a Hun shell. By the hundred thousand these sleek, well kept, well fed quadrupeds are being auctioned off to eager buyers.

Many were in France four years; many were wounded in action, but were carefully cared for by the army veterinarians and bear today the honest scars of battle as the memento of the days when they helped win civilization's war.

One of the first lots sold went under the hammer at Ware's Edgeware road repository, about the middle of December.

"Here's a horse that deserves the Victoria Cross," the auctioneer shouted when the first horse, a black gelding, was trotted out. "He's got two wounds to his credit and is still going strong." The gelding was sold for about \$150 American money.

Equine Losses Announced. Major General Sir W. H. Kirkbeck, director of remounts in the British army, has just announced the losses among the British war horses during the entire period of the war.

"During the last four months of 1914," General Kirkbeck declared, "the armies in France lost 14 per cent of their horses, or about 3 per cent a month. That period included the retreat from Mons, the first battle of the Marne, and the first battle of Ypres."

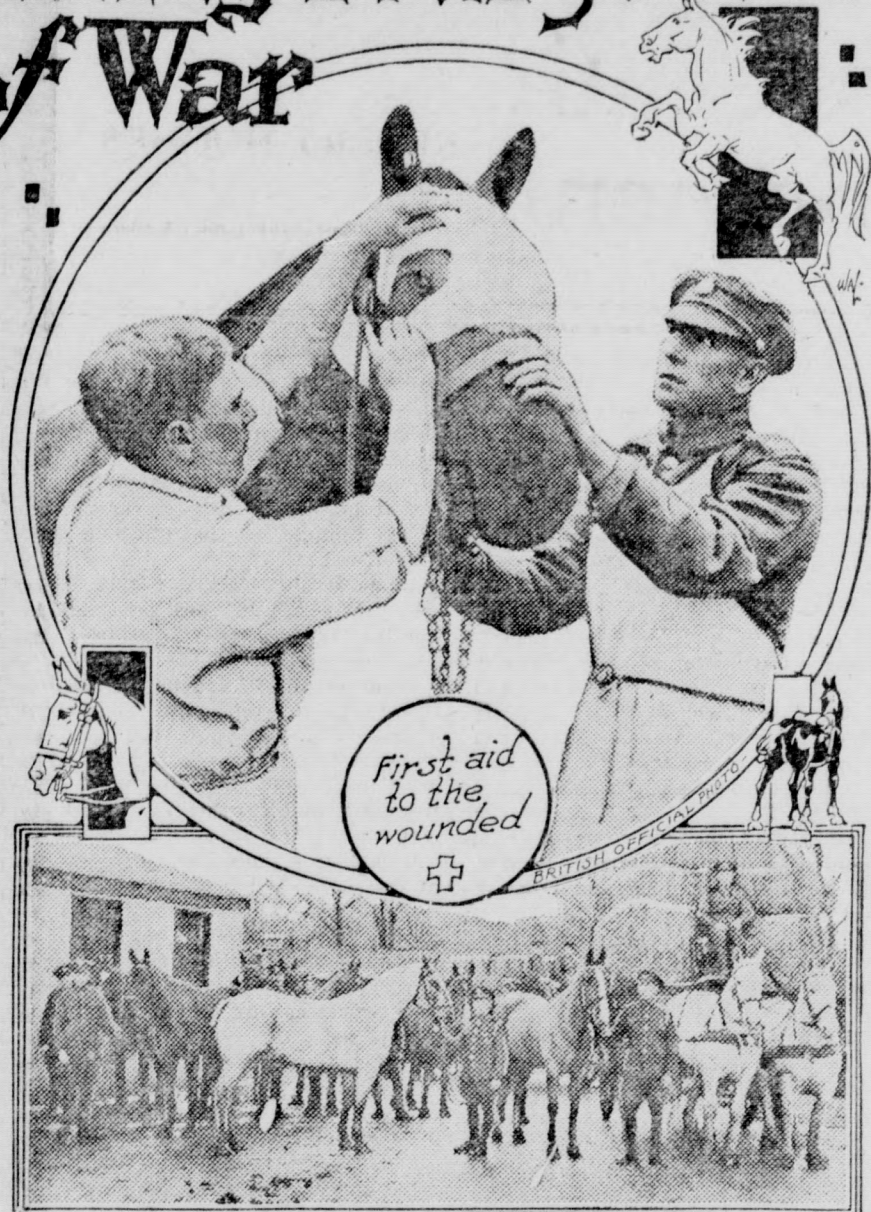
In the following year the losses were fourteen and a half per cent for the whole twelve months. In 1917 the losses rose to 28 per cent, 10 per cent of which took place during the last nine months of the year, the balance of the losses being chiefly owing to the heavy fighting at Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele, and the beginning of night bombing."

During the last year of war comparatively few horses were lost; two and a half per cent being the official estimate. Among the British commercial firms something like 20 per cent of the horses are always either sick or resting, as an annual average, while the official British army reports reveal the fact that in France, due to the careful attention of the veterinarians, the usual average was a bit more than twelve per cent.

Whether America can profitably follow the accepted British system of demobilizing army horses is a grave question. With the present shortage in ships and the pressing needs of European peoples for foodstuffs, together with the mighty job of transporting General Pershing's army home, it is possible that some horses must needs be either left behind or sacrificed, to add somewhat to the already staggering debt of war.

The British people have been told that in all probability some thousands of horses and mules in far-away Egypt will have to be disposed of in one of three ways: repatriation, destruction, or sale.

Oppose Shooting of Animals. There is a strong sentiment against shooting the faithful animals. And there are a number of practical obstacles to such a plan. The carcasses of \$25,000,000 worth of horseflesh cannot be disposed of simply by signing an army order even though Egypt does afford wide wastes of uninhabited



American horses at demobilization station near London.



deserts and plenty of vultures. Fundamentally, however, it is the British sincere love for the horse that forbids adopting any ruthless expedient in reducing the Egyptian forces to a peace time footing.

General Allenby, the British commander in the Near East, has cabled that every effort will be made to place all surplus horses in the hands of natives who will "treat the animals well and infinitely better than the peoples of many European nations."

Naturally the horses will be returned to industry at a slower rate than they were mobilized.

When Sir J. Cowans came to the war office shortly after the British declared war on Germany, he had to obtain 135,000 horses in 14 days. His methods were successful. The horses were supplied by the business people of England and included the best of Leicestershire. The Kitchener divisions, however, demanded the services of at least 700,000 horses.

Then it was that the British horse buyer made his appearance in force in the markets of America. At the same time buyers were busy in Spain, Argentina, China, Australia, Tunis, Algiers, and Somaliland.

Confronting the authorities are a number of grave problems just now. First of all there is an urgent need of disposing of all surplus army stock with the least possible delay. But there are too many horses. Only seventeen per cent of all army stock actually came from England. Manifestly it is impossible to return one hundred per cent to England and thereby glut the market and demoralize the present schedule of prices. So even though the horses are literally eating their heads off at great cost to the government the number of sales must be regulated to meet the actual demand.

Also, the horse sales must be held in all sections of the country, and the quantities offered must conform to the needs of each community.

Sell 25,000 a Month.

Following this system as closely as they can, the army men hope to dispose of some 25,000 horses a month.

TEXAS OIL MEN USE PLANES

Dealers Predict New Idea Will Become General for Speedy Arrivals at Wells.

Dallas, Tex.—Financial success or failure in the new Texas oil fields so often depends upon being first to reach a certain point that the airplane may become a common means of locomotion among oil men, according to big dealers. The airplane was used recently

by officers of two oil companies to hurry from Ranger to a new found field.

Officers at Barron field, the government flying field here, say it will be only a short time before airplanes are in general commercial use in the oil fields, because of their speed and the adaptability of the country for flying purposes.

The Barron field authorities estimate that it costs the government \$50 an hour to keep a plane in the air, but that the oil men could operate a machine for \$40 an hour.

Flour Paste Stumps Crew.

Stratford, Pa.—Tons of flour paste scattered through the debris of a freight wreck here gave the wreckers one of their worst jobs in several years. A number of cars loaded with flour were smashed. And then it rained.

He Needed It.

San Francisco—Henry Strub had a flu mask, a mouthful of tobacco and a bad memory. He has a new flu mask.

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

Dramatic Difference.

"Mamma, what is the difference between a ham actor and a bum actor?" The careful mother gave the child's question a moment's profound consideration before replying.

"Well, my son," she said slowly, so that the youthful mind would get the full comprehension and be able to discriminate thoroughly through all future time, "a bum actor would indignantly resent being called a ham actor, but a ham actor would not care at all how much he was called a bum actor if he could still draw his salary."

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty in your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.

The kidneys and bladder are the causes of senile afflictions. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and avoid uric acid accumulations. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.

New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles. There is only one guaranteed brand of Haarlem Oil Capsules, GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL Imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

Judging the World.

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. We can only see what we are, and, if we misbehave, we suspect others.—Emerson.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Why does a man always say that he's out of practice when he is beaten at any kind of a game?

Most of man's friends are willing to become his enemies on the least provocation.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy
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You will find in our store an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Our offerings are all dependable goods, tailored to the last minute of mode, cut, and detail. Our prices are less than our metropolitan neighbors, because our "overhead" is less. Our spring goods are on display and if you permit us to outfit you, you may rest assured that you will be properly clothed. Call and look our stock over and we will assure you a saving if you buy.

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SCHOOL NOTES

Hilda Barrett, Editor.
Viola Fennel and Mary Jameson,
Reporters

At the P. T. A. meeting Tuesday night, April 1st, the fifth and sixth grades had a majority of representatives. The seventh and eighth grades sang two three-part songs, "Only a Dream of Summer," and "Hail Stars and Stripes."

The Campfire girls of the Sierra Madre school, starting Wednesday, April 2nd, are having a grab-bag, question-box and Chinese fortune telling booth at the Wistaria fete.

The fourth grade arithmetic race became so exciting that the third grade adopted it. The new Packard Liberty motor is now three feet ahead of the Mercer and Willys Knight.

Thursday, after school, March 27, the club teams of the fifth and sixth grades had a baseball game. The first team under Fred Heimes beat the second team under Hobart Woodruff, 13 to 6.

Pictures have been received of the two war orphans, Raymond and Germaine Neff, of Troyes, France, who were adopted and are being supported by the pupils of our school. The picture may be seen in the News office show window.

BOY SCOUTS NEWS

Edwin Ward, Editor.

Our Reception

Well, we had our public reception last Friday night and although the automobile show was a rival attraction, our club room was "filled to capacity" and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

Mayor Mitchell made a speech and Rev. Wilson addressed us. The response was delivered by our Scout Master, who acquitted himself with credit.

Orange punch and cakes were served and there was plenty for all. The evening after the speeches, was spent in social conversation.

We want to thank our friends for their contributions of furniture, games, pictures, victrola, etc., and assure them that we will keep our club room and ourselves in good order.

Meeting tonight, all scouts come who possibly can.

Our club room is now fixed up in fine shape—and we are proud of it.

When you get good wallop in the snoot with a big soft boxing glove, ain't it a funny feelin'?

Remember that the reputation of our troop rests on each individual scout. A mean or thoughtless act will reflect on the whole organization, therefore, let's all be careful to conduct ourselves as first class scouts should.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes

The dance given at the club house on the evening of March 28, was a decided success, financially as well as socially. Dancers and spectators continued to arrive until a late hour, as numbers of people, "killing two birds with one stone," as it were, spent the early part of the evening at the automobile show, enjoying the dancing and refreshments at the club house later. The popular colored orchestra dispensed their usual irresistible music and Mr. McVey, the pianist, sang two selections, to a most appreciative audience.

Mrs. F. B. Seeley, a shostess with an able corps of assistants, served delicious coffee, chocolate and sandwiches. The next dance will be given April 11th.

RED CROSS ITEMS

The materials for our last and final quota of refugee garments is now ready to give out at the Red Cross rooms.

Miss Woodward will appreciate it greatly, if all, who intend to take garments to make will secure the same this week.

The last quota of 200 garments was shipped yesterday and Sierra Madre again sends comfort and happiness to hundreds of orphans of devastated Europe.

Won't the knitters who have done so wonderfully well in the past come to Mrs. Dennison's rescue and take yarn to make into refugee hosiery? A considerable amount of wool still remains to be worked up and we must not fail to complete this, our last and final quota—please come to our assistance.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION

Sheriff's Sale
No. B68906

First National Bank of El Monte, Plaintiff.

vs.

Royal M. Barton, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, wherein First National Bank of El Monte, Cal., a corporation, plaintiff, and Royal M. Barton and George M. Tucker, defendants, upon a judgment rendered the 20th day of March, A. D. 1919 for the sum of Six hundred eleven and 72-100 (\$611.72) dollars lawful money of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, Royal M. Barton and George W. Tucker of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

An undivided one-eighth interest in and to lot 4, E. J. Baldwin's Addition No. 2 to Santa Anita Colony, in Rancho Francisquito, county of Los Angeles, state of California, as per may in book 53 page 4 miscellaneous records of said county.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That I will, on Tuesday the 29th day of April, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, sell at public auction, for lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, Royal M. Barton and George W. Tucker of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said Judgment, with interest and costs, etc. to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 3 day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
J. W. Falkner, Plaintiff's Attorney.

27-30

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale
No. B66802

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale.

vs.

L. B. Parmele, Plaintiff.

Clara M. Webster, Clara M. Webster, executrix of the estate of Frank E. Webster, Axel Aronson and Mary C. Aronson, his wife, Joseph F. Salisbury and Acop Mngngoff, also known as Acop Merkerdichoff, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the county of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 24 day of March, A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein L.B. Parmele, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Clara M. Webster, et al., defendants, on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen hundred ninety-seven and 67-100 (\$1397.67) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 17th day of March A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 445 of said Court, at page 11, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Pasadena, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot fifty-eight (58) of the Chapman Aract, in the city of Pasadena, county of Los Angeles, state of California, as per map recorded in book 12, page 36, miscellaneous records of said county. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Public Notice is Hereby Given, That, on Monday, the 28th day of April, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 3 day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Hahn & Hahn, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

27-30

NEW TELEPHONES INSTALLED SINCE LAST PUBLICATION

Green 124 Marquardt, John, Lot 14, Sycamore Place.

Black 44 Stack, Theodore N., 204 E. Central avenue.

Red 135 Tilton, Mrs. Chas. C., Dress-making, 33 N. Mountain Trail.

Blue 95 Wagoner, Mrs. Roy, Dress-making, 194 E. Montecito avenue.

CHANGE IN NUMBER

Blue 63 Woodcutter, Rev. F., changed to Blue 47.

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Pasadena Office, Central Building.
Phone Colo. 334. Res. Phone Colo.
1191.

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Pasadena Office, Dodworth Bldg.
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